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# VIRGIL's ÆNEIS

TRANSLATED into

## BLANK VERSE.

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By NICHOLAS BRADY, D.D.  
Rector of Clapham, and Minister of  
Richmond in Surrey.

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VOLUME II.

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## ПЯТЫЙ ИАКОВ

the resistance (the natural) to weight.



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the following documents will be issued:



*With this gift of Heaven*  
**VIRGIL's**

**ÆNEIS.**

**BOOK the FOURTH.**



OT so the Queen: who, rack'd with  
am'rous Cares,  
Feeds her Disease, and melts with  
secret Flame:

Much on the Heroe's Valour she reflects,  
Much on his glorious Race; each Look, each Word,  
Makes deep Impression on her tender Breast;  
Nor can she charm her Griefs to Rest by Sleep.

Aurora now had chas'd the humid Shades,  
And usher'd in the Lamp which lights the Day ;  
When thus her Sister, Partner of her Heart,  
10 The love-sick Queen accosts : " My dearest Anne,  
" My Sister and my Friend, what frightful Dreams  
" Have scar'd my troubled Soul ! What Guest is  
this  
" That graces now our Court ! His Mien how great !  
" How firm his Courage ! How renown'd in War !  
15 " Sure he's of Heav'nly Race ! Ignoble Minds  
" Are sway'd by Fear ; but what amazing Toils  
" Has he gone through ! What Battles nobly fought  
" Has he rehears'd ! And Musick's in his Voice !  
" Were not my Mind unalterably fix'd,  
20 " Never to tie the Nuptial Knot again,  
" Since Death depriv'd me of my earli'st Love ;  
" Did I not hate the Thoughts of Bridal Joys,  
" And Hymen's Torch ; I might perhaps admit  
" This single Fault : for I confess, my Dear,  
25 " Since poor Siehau, my unhappy 'Spouse, " Stain'd

ÆNEIS.

3

“ Stain’d with his Blood his Brother’s Household  
“ Gods,  
“ This Prince alone has touch’d my yielding Soul,  
“ Unbent my Rigour; and for him (methinks)  
“ I feel my Flame long cover’d glow afresh.  
“ But may the Earth first cleave to take me in; 30  
“ Or may the fiery Bolt of angry Jove  
“ Strike me devoted headlong to the Shades,  
“ The pallid Shades of Hell, and blackest Night;  
“ E’er thee, connubial Modesty, I wound,  
“ Or break thy strictest Laws! My Virgin Love 35  
“ Was thine, Sichæus; let it still be thine,  
“ The kind Companion of thy silent Grave.  
She spake, and on her Sister’s Breast reclin’d,  
Wash’d it with flowing Tears. She thus replies,  
“ O thou, more dear to me than Life or Light, 40  
“ Still will you waste in Solitude and Grief  
“ The precious Hours of Youth? Nor taste the  
“ Bliss  
“ Of prattling Babes, Rewards of virtuous Love?  
“ Can this disturb the Ashes or the Ghost  
“ Of your dead Husband? Hitherto (tis true) 45

“ None have address'd you worthy of your Bed,  
“ Nor late in *Libya*, nor before in *Tyre* :  
“ *Iarbas*, and the other Kings, that share  
“ Proud *Africk's* Triumphs, justly you disdain'd :  
50 “ But will you a deserving Prince refuse ?  
“ A Lover, that has found the Art to please ?  
“ Consider where you dwell, encompass'd round,  
“ By rough *Getulian* Foes, inur'd to War ;  
“ By barbarous *Numidians*; dreadful Sands  
55 “ Of *Syrtes*, fam'd for Wrecks ; and barren Tracts  
“ Burnt up with Heat, where fierce *Barcaens* range :  
“ Think on your Brother too, who breathes Re-  
“ venge,  
“ And threatens War from *Tyre* ; the fav'ring Gods  
(Or I'm deceiv'd) “ with *Juno's* friendly Aid,  
60 “ Have to your Harbours driv'n these *Trojan*  
“ Guests.  
“ From such a Marriage how shall you behold  
“ This City flourish, and new Kingdoms rise !  
“ While *Troy* and *Carthage* friendly Forces join,  
“ To raise the *Flaminick* Glory to the Skies !  
65 “ Propitiate you the Gods ; and when that's done,

“ Treat and careſs your Guest, and find Pretexts

“ For longer Stay; object the Winter Storms,

“ And moist Orion; then, his shatter'd Ships,

“ Unfit so rough a Season to endure.

She ſpake, and ſpeaking fann'd the kindled Fire, 70

Inſpir'd her doubtful Mind with chearing Hope,

And looſ'd the ſtrict Reſtraints of baſhful Shaine.

First to the ſev'ral Temples of their Gods

They jointly go, and at the ſacred Shrines

Implor Success: To *Ceres*, Foundress wiſe

75

Of uſeful Laws, th' accuſtom'd Off'ring pay,

Two ſpotleſſ Ews; their due Oblations next

To *Phæbus*, and the Patron God of Wine;

To *Juno* chiefly, that o'er Marriage-Beds

Preſides, and firmly guards the Nuptial Tie. 80

The beauteous Queen a ſtately Goblet holds,

And 'twixt a Milk-white Cow's diſtended Horns

Pours out the preſious Liquor; or walks round

The ſteaming Altars, grac'd with heav'nly Forms:

Renews her Vows each Day, and hanging o'er

85

The Beast's lit Paunch, consults the trembling  
Entrails.

“ Alas! How vain are Auguries! What Help

“ Can Shrines or Sacrifices bring to one,

“ That's raging mad with Love? The am'rous  
Flame

90 Preys on her Vitals, whilst her conscious Breast  
Approves and cherishes the secret Wound.

Unhappy Dido burns, and o'er the Town

Distracted ranges; So a wounded Doe

In Cretan Groves, whom some pursuing Swain,

95 Unminded, has transfix'd, and in her left  
The deadly Arrow, thro' Dicæan Woods

With double Swiftnes runs; the bearded Steel  
Still sticking in her Side. Sometimes she leads

The Trojan Prince around the spacious Walls,

100 Proud of her wealthy State and rising Tow'rs;

Attempts to tell her Mind; but check'd by Shame,

Stops in the Middle. When the Sun declines,

Sometimes she gives a Banquet, and desires

Again to hear the dismal Fate of Troy,

105 And dwells on ev'ry Accent as he speaks,

When

## Book IV. ÆNEIS. 7

When forc'd to part, warn'd by the Moon's Descent,  
And setting Stars that call to sweet Repose.  
Alone she languishes, and loves to press  
The Couch he left; believes she hears and sees  
The absent Prince. Now in her Lap she seats  
The young *Ascanius*, for his Father's Sake  
And near Resemblance: thus she strives to sooth  
Her boundless Flame, and cheat herself to Ease.  
The rising Buildings thro' the spacious Town  
Are all unfinish'd left; the youthful Bands  
Neglect their Discipline; the Ports and Bulwarks  
Defenceless stand; the busy Work-men cease;  
Nor raise the stilted Battlements on high,  
To grase the circling Walls and lofty Tow'rs.

When now the darling Comfort of Great Jove  
Perceiv'd the am'rous Queen so far enflam'd,  
That no Regard of Fame could curb her Love,  
She thus accosted *Venus*: "Great indeed  
" Must be the Honour, and the Triumph great,

125 " For you and for your Son; an endless Fame  
" And vast Applause you merit, if two Gods  
" Can take a single Female in your Snares!  
" But me you can't deceive: full well I know  
" You dread my fav'rite City, and suspect  
130 " The hospitable Court of stately *Carthage*.  
" But what's your grand Design? Say why should  
" we  
" For ever quarrel? Firm and lasting Peace  
" Let's rather make, and with a Marriage bind.  
" Whate'er you wish'd you have: The love-sick  
" Queen  
135 " Doats to Distraction; let us then agree  
" To take both Nations, as our common Friends,  
" Under our joint Protection: let the Queen  
" Obey a Phrygian Spouse; whilst to your Hands  
" I freely yield my *Tyrians* as her Dow'r.  
140 *Venus*, who knew her Drift, and well perceiv'd,  
That all her fair Pretences did but aim  
The Seat of promis'd Empire to transfer  
From Italy to *Libya*, thus replies:  
" 'Twere Madness proffer'd Friendship to refuse,

" Or

“ Or with Heav’n’s Queen contend : I only wish <sup>145</sup>  
“ That good Success may crown the kind Design,  
“ But much I question, whether Fate decrees,  
“ Or Jove intends, to fix the same Abode.  
“ For Tyrians and for Trojans, and unite  
“ Those diff’ring Nations in perpetual League : <sup>150</sup>  
“ You, as his Wife, may sound him, and perswade ;  
“ Where-e’er you lead I’ll follow. Thus to her  
Imperial Juno answers : “ Let that Care  
“ Be wholly mine ; attend while I relate  
“ The Method to compleat this grand Affair. <sup>155</sup>  
“ Æneas, and the Love-distracted Queen,  
“ Resolve within the neighb’ring Wood to sport,  
“ Soon as to Morrow’s early Dawn gives Light,  
“ And shews the Globe unveil’d : then whilst the  
“ Wings <sup>160</sup>  
“ Of active Horse the Thickets beat for Game,  
“ A black tempestuous Show’r of Hail and Rain  
“ I’ll pour upon their Heads, while through the  
“ Air  
“ Loud Thunder rattles ; the affrighted Train,  
“ O’erspread with Darkness, shall to Shelter fly :

One

365 "One friendly Give shall secretly contain  
281 "The Queen and *Trojan* Chief; I'll be at Hand;  
"And if you give your free Consent, will tie  
"The Nuptial Knot, and make her ever His;  
"There shall their Bridals be. The *Cyprian* Dame  
370 Gives with a silent Nod her wish'd Assent,  
And smiles at *Juno*'s well-discover'd Wiles.

and Aurora now had left her wat'ry Bed,  
The chosen Youth prevent the rising Sun,  
March through the spacious Gates, and with them  
bear  
375 Their pointed hunting Spears, the Nets, and Toils,  
*Masylian* Horse, and Dogs of quickest Scent.  
Before the Palace Gates the Lords of Tyre  
Wait 'till the ling'ring Queen is nicely dress'd:  
A stately Steed, with Purple trapp'd and Gold,  
380 Stands pawing by, and champs the foaming Bit.  
At length, attended by a num'rous Train,  
The Queen appears, clad in a Hunting-Coat  
Of Sidon's richest Die, the Selvage round  
and

Of

V. Book IV. ÆNEAS. 81

Of various Colours; o'er her Shoulder hung  
A Golden Quiver; and her lovely Hair  
With Golden Knots was ty'd; her purple Robe  
With Buckles fasten'd back of massy Gold.

*Julus*, gay and beautiful, leads forth  
The noble Youth of *Troy*: *Æneas* then,  
In Form and Mien surpassing all the rest, 190  
Rides up, and with his Troop of Warriours joins  
em:

So *Phœbus*, when he leaves his Winter Seat  
In *Libya*, and the Fields where *Xanthus* flows,  
To visit *Delos*, his maternal Isle, 195  
Begins the Revels; whilst around his Shrine  
Cretans and *Dryopuns* confus'dly mix'd,  
With painted *Agathyrrians*, dance and sing:  
On *Cyntus*' Top with nimble Steps he moves,  
His flowing Locks with verdant Laurel crown'd,  
And ty'd with Golden Knots; behind him hangs 200  
His clatt'ring Quiver; such *Æneas* seem'd  
As active and as graceful. Now they gain

The

The Mountain's Height, the close Retreat of  
Beasts ;  
When lo ! the savage Goats with quick Descent,  
205 Run down the Hill ; and frighted Herds of Deer,  
Hid in a Cloud of Dust, trip o'er the Plains,  
And leave their unsafe Harbours : As they run,  
The young *Ascanius* spurs his gen'rous Horse,  
Outstrips them all by Turns, and wishes much,  
210 Instead of this ignoble Game, to meet  
Some foaming Boar, or Lion press'd with Hunger.

Mean while loud Thunder bellows through the  
Air,  
Ush'ring a dreadful Show'r of Hail and Rain :  
The *Tyrian* Sportsmen, and the Youth of *Troy*,  
215 And ev'n *Iulus*, frighten'd, fly to Shelter ;  
Whilst from the Mountain down fierce Torrents  
roll,  
Within one Cave the Queen and *Trojan* Chief  
Together meet for Refuge. Goddess *Earth*,  
220 And *Juno*, Patroness of Spousal Rites,  
The Signal gave ; whilst thro' the conscious Air  
The active Lightning glard, and o'er their Heads  
The

The Wood-Nymphs shriek'd. From this unhappy  
Day  
Her Mis'ry and her Ruin took their Date:  
For now she takes no Care to gloss the Fault,  
Or save her Fame from Censure; but avows <sup>225</sup>  
Her Love in publick, styles herself his Wife,  
And with that specious Title guilds her Crime.

And now, thro' all the *Libyan* Cities, *Fame*,  
Swiftest of Evils, takes her speedy Flight,  
In Force and Strength improving as she moves: <sup>230</sup>  
Fearful at first, and small, but grows apace;  
Treads on the Ground, and hides her tow'ring  
Head  
Amidst the Clouds. 'Tis said, that Mother *Earth*,  
Incens'd against the Gods, brought forth this  
Plague,  
Her latest Birth, and Sister to the Giants <sup>235</sup>  
That warr'd with Heav'n: Her active Feet and  
Wings  
Transport her nimbly, tho' the Monster's Bulk  
Is vast and frightful; for each downy Plume  
That o'er her Body grows, as many Eyes  
Lie

248 Lye watchful underneath, (strange Tale to tell!)

As many Tongues, as many prattling Mouths,

As many list'ning Ears! By Night she flies

Thro' Mid-Air screaming o'er the shady Globe,

Nor shuts her watchful Eyes with sweet Repose:

249 On Houses Tops or lofty Tow'rs by Day

A Spy she sits, and scares the City Crowds

By venting strange Reports, or false or true:

She, glad of this Occasion, spreads the News,

With large Improvements, o'er the Country round,

250 And adds withal her Legendary Tales

To real Facts. *Æneas*, she relates,

Of Trojan Race, has reach'd the *Tyrian* Shore,

And gain'd fair *Dido* for his Royal Bride:

That now the live-long Winter they consume

251 In loose Delights, and grand Concerns neglect

Of both their States, t' indulge their shameful  
Flames.

Rumours like these the baleful Goddess vents,

And prompts her babbling Agents to relate 'em.

To King *Iarbas* strait her Course she bends,

Infames

Inflames his Mind with her pernicious Tales, <sup>260</sup>  
And makes his Anger boil. He, *Amman's Son*  
By *Garamantis*, whom the God deflow'r'd,  
Throughout his spatiuous Realms had built <sup>265</sup> to  
*Jove*  
An hundred Temples, and in them had rear'd  
An hundred Altars; and with Care preserv'd <sup>270</sup>  
Th' immortal sacred Fire, the constant Charge  
Of watchful Gods; made large Enclosures nigh,  
Fat with the Blood of Victims; and each Porch  
With flow'ry Wreaths of various Kinds had  
crown'd: Enrag'd to Madness at th' unwelcome News, <sup>275</sup>  
Before the Altars, 'midst the sacred Shrines,  
Prostrate to *Jove* with lifted Hands, he prays:  
" Almighty *Jove*, to whom the *Moorish* Race,  
" Feasting on painted Beds, Libations pay  
" Of gen'rous Wine, canst thou unmov'd behold <sup>280</sup>  
" Such Facts as these? Or are they causeless Fears  
" Thy dreaded Bolts create? When Lightnings  
" flash  
" From gloomy Clouds with Terror, and affright  
" Unthinking

“ Unthinking Minds? Does Thunder idly roar?  
280 “ A vagrant Dame, who in my Empire’s Bounds  
“ Has bought a Spot to build aaultry Town,  
“ Who tills my Soil, and rules her petty State  
“ By my Permission, has with Scorn refus’d  
“ My proffer’d Royal Nuptials, and receiv’d  
285 “ A Fellow-Wand’rer to her Bed and Throne.  
“ And now this second *Paris*, with his soft  
“ Effem’nate Train, a *Lydian* Mitre ty’d  
“ Beneath his Chin, his Hair with Essence dawb’d  
“ Enjoys the ravish’d Prize; whilst I in vain  
290 “ Your Altars load, and court an empty Name.  
While thus he pray’d, and clasp’d the Altar round,  
Almighty *Jove* gave Ear, and turn’d his Eye  
To *Dido*’s Court, the Scene of shameless Love;  
Then calls the nimble Messenger of Heav’n,  
295 And gives him this Command: “ Make Haste,  
“ my Son,  
“ And, wafted on the Wings of swiftest Winds,  
“ Fly and accost the *Trojan* Prince, who now  
“ In *Tyrian* *Carthage* loiters, and neglects  
“ The

Book IV.    AENEIS.    17

“ The promis’d Empire which he’s doom’d to raiſe.  
“ Cut thro’ the yielding Air, and ſay from me,    300  
“ The Character his Goddess-Mother gave  
“ Was diff’rent far from this, from *Græcian* Swords  
“ When twice ſhe refcu’d him; that he was fit  
“ To bear the weighty Burthen of a Crown,  
“ And rule *Italian* States inur’d to War;    305  
“ To prove his high Descent from *Teucer’s* Race,  
“ And make the conquer’d World confefs his  
“ Sway.  
“ If him the Glory of ſuch great Events  
“ Affects not as it ought, if he declines  
“ With honourable Toil to earn ſuch Praise;    310  
“ Yet can a Father to a Son deny  
“ The *Roman* Empire? What can he design?  
“ What from a hostile Nation can he hope  
“ T’ excuse his dull Delay, and make him ſlight  
“ *Ausonian* Grandſons and *Lavinian* Fields?    315  
“ Charge him forthwith to ſail; This is my Will;  
“ Be thou my faithful Herald to impart it.  
Thus ſpake the King of Gods: His Son prepares

C

To

To execute his Father's dread Command.

320 And first his swift-wing'd Sandals on he ties,  
Adorn'd with Gold ; which thro' the passive Air,  
O'er Sea and Land, fleeter than rapid Winds  
Beat him uplifted ; next he takes his Wand  
With which he brings th' obedient Shades from  
Hell,  
325 Or drives them thither ; breaks the Bands of Sleep,  
Or ties them fast, and Death to Life recalls :  
Arm'd with this Rod, he drives the lagging Winds,  
And flies thro' stormy Clouds : at length he sees  
The spatioust Sides and high aspiring Head  
330 Of *Atlas*, whose strong Neck supports the Sky ;  
*Atlas*, whose woody Head is always crown'd  
With dusky Clouds, and dash'd with Winds and  
Show'rs ;  
Snow covers his broad Shoulders, from his Chin  
Fall rapid Torrents, and his rugged Beard  
335 Is stiff with Icicles. Here first he lights,  
Pois'd on his level Wings ; thence headlong flies  
Down tow'rds the liquid Ocean : As a Bird,  
Round wat'ry Shores and Rocks where Fish abound,

Skims

Skims with its Wings the Sea : *Cyllenius* so  
Leaves his maternal Grandfire's hoary Top, 344  
Cuts thro' the Air between the Earth and Skies,  
And spreads his Wings on *Libya*'s sandy Plain.  
Now on a Cot his feather'd Feet he rests ;  
And sees *Æneas* founding lofty Tow'rs,  
And building new Apartments : By his Side 345  
A Scymitar hung down, with Jaspar Hilt ;  
And from his manly Shoulders flow'd a Robe  
Of *Tyrian* Purple, daz'ling to the Sight,  
The Work of wealthy *Dido* ; whose fair Hands  
Had stitch'd it o'er with slender Threads of Gold. 350  
He strait accosts him thus : “ Forgetful Prince  
“ Of what concerns you most, Foundations here  
“ You lay of *Carthage*, and a City build  
“ Of Beauteous Shew, a Woman's humble Slave :  
“ But know, the King of Gods, who at his Will 355  
“ Disposes all Things both in Earth and Heav'n,  
“ From bright *Olympus* sends me to impart  
“ His dread Commands : What is it you design ?

“ By loit’ring here, what can you hope to gain ?

360 “ If you the Glory of such great Events

“ Affects not as it ought ; if you decline

“ With honourable Toil to earn such Praise ;

“ Consider yet your Son, the growing Hopes

“ Of such an Heir ; to whom th’ *Italian* Realms,

365 “ And *Roman* Empire’s due. Thus spake the God ;

And as he spake withdrew from mortal Eyes,

And vanish’d into Air. Th’ astonish’d Prince,

With bristling Hair erect, and fault’ring Tongue,

Stood mute with Wonder at th’ amazing Sight.

370 And now he longs to take his Flight, and leave

The Land he lov’d so well ; nor dares oppose

The Heav’ly Embassy, and *Jove*’s Command.

What shall he do ? Alas ! with what soft Words

Charm the Queen’s Rage ? How shall he usher in

375 Th’ unwelcome Story ? His uncertain Mind

Now This designs, now That ; with various Change

Rejects, and chuses, and each Method weighs ;

Unsettl’d long, he thus at length resolves.

*Sergestus*

## Book IV. ÆNEIS. 21

*Sergestus, Mnestheus, and the stout Cloanthus*  
He calls, and orders to prepare the Fleet 380  
With cautious Privacy ; to bring their Friends  
Down to the Shore, to stow their Arms Aboard,  
And find for doing thus some fair Pretence.  
Then while th' indulgent Queen suspects no Harm,  
Nor fears a Breach in Love so well confirm'd ; 385  
He means to seek Admittance at those Hours  
When best he may prevail, and studies how  
To give his dismal News the artfull'ſt Turn.  
His Friends their Orders chearfully receive,  
And haste to execute his ſtrict Commands. 390

The Queen ( for what can 'ſcape a Lover's  
Eye ? )  
Looks thro' the whole Design ; with early Fear  
She takes the firſt Alarm ; and undeceiv'd  
By ſpecious Shews, foreſees the coming Storm.  
The Babbler *Fame* adds Fuel to her Rage, 395  
By spreading News, that now the Fleet is rigg'd,  
And ready just to fail : She frantick runs

C. 3 . O'er

O'er all the spacious Town, like some wild *Thyas*  
By *Bacchus* call'd to his triennial Feast;  
400 Who shakes the sacred *Thyrsus*, and repairs  
To join in mad *Citheron*'s midnight Freaks.  
At length she meets, and thus bespeaks the Prince  
“ Perfidious! Could you then expect to hide  
“ A Crime like this? To leave, by secret Stealth,  
405 “ This hospitable Shore? Could neither Love,  
“ The tender Love I've shewn, nor plighted Faith,  
“ Nor my untimely Death which must ensue,  
“ Stop your intended Voyage? Will you sail  
“ In Winter's boist'rous Season? When rough  
“ Winds  
410 “ Blow from the *North*, and ruffle all the Deep?  
“ Ah! Cruel! though you sought not Lands  
“ unknown,  
“ And foreign Habitations; though old *Troy*  
“ Were standing yet; would you through stormy  
“ Seas  
“ To *Troy* it self direct your dang'rous Course?  
415 “ Or is't from me you fly! By these my Tears,  
“ By your right Hand, the Pledge of faithful Love,  
“ For I have robb'd my self of all but that)  
“ By

“ By our late Spousals, by the Bridal Joys  
“ We both began to taste ; if ought I’ve done  
“ Can plead Desert, or ought I am can please ; 420  
“ Have Pity on my sinking State, and change  
“ (If yet there’s Room for Pray’rs) your cruel  
“ Mind.  
“ On your Account, the *Libyan* Nations round,  
“ And all *Numidia*’s Tyrants breath Revenge ;  
“ For you my Subjects murmur ; and for you 425  
“ My chaste Resolves I broke, and lost that Fame  
“ Which rais’d my spotless Name before to Heav’n,  
“ Say then, my Guest, for I no more (I fear)  
“ Must use the Name of Husband ; to whose Care  
“ Is dying *Dido* left ? But why do I 430  
“ Delay the fatal Minute ? Shall I wait  
“ Till stern *Pygmalion* lay my Town in Dust ?  
“ Or shall I from *Tarbas*’s Hands expect  
“ A Rape and Slav’ry ? Had I but conceiv’d  
“ A growing Offspring ; had you left behind 435  
“ A young *Aeneas*, who with artful Play  
“ Might sooth my Sorrows, and beguile my Cares

“ With your Resemblance ; This had been some

“ Ease,

“ Nor should I then appear so quite forlorn.

440 She said ; and he intent on *Jove's* Commands,  
Preserves his Looks unchang'd, and strives to hide  
His deep Concern ; then briefly thus replies :

“ With Justice, lovely Queen, you reckon up

“ Your high Deserts ; nor shall I e'er deny 'em ;

445 “ But still hoard up within my grateful Soul

“ The dear Remembrance both of Them and You,

“ Till I forget my self, and Life's no more.

“ But briefly give me Leave to speak my Mind

“ On this Occasion. Think not that I hop'd

450 “ To leave your Court in secret ; nor object

“ A Marriage-Contract, which I ne'er design'd.

“ Had *Fate* thought fit to leave me free to chuse

“ What Life I'd lead, and how direct my Course ;

“ My earliest Wish shbould be, to raise the Walls

455 “ Of ruin'd *Troy*, t' enshrine the dear Remains

“ Of all my Country-men : Then *Priam's* Court

“ Again should flourish, and my vanquish'd Friends

“ A second

“ A second *Ilium* owe to me it’s Founder,  
“ But now *Apollo*, and the *Lycian* Urn,  
“ Command me jointly to direct my Course 460  
“ To spatioust *Italy* ; my tender’st Love  
“ That claims, and that I count my native Soil.  
“ If you a *Tyrian* are to *Cartilage* ty’d,  
“ And fix your Fancy on a *Libyan* Town ;  
“ Why should you think it strange, that we of 465  
“ *Troy*  
“ Should wish to settle on th’ *Ausonian* Shore,  
“ And seek by your Example foreign Realms ?  
“ As oft as Night’s moist Shade o’er spreads the  
“ Earth,  
“ And kindles up the Fires that guild the Sky ;  
“ My Father’s troubled Ghost upbraids my Stay, 470  
“ And scares me from my Rest : My hopeful Son,  
“ The dear wrong’d Youth, whom my Delay de-  
“ frauds  
“ Of *Latium*’s Empire, and his destin’d Realms,  
“ Prompts me to go : The Messenger of Heav’n  
“ Sent by Great *Jove*, (by both our Heads I swear,) 475  
“ Was here e’en now, and brought thro’ active  
“ Air “ His

“ His dread Commands: I saw the God my self,  
“ In open Day ent’ring the City Walls,  
“ And with these Ears his weighty Message heard,  
480 “ Then cease to discompose your self and me  
“ With these unkind Complaints: Let this suffice,  
“ *Italian* Crowns unwillingly I seek,

While thus he spake, she views him with Dif-  
dain;  
In ev’ry Side she rowls her sparkling Eyes,  
485 Surveys him silently from Head to Foot,  
Till thus at length she vents her burning Rage:  
“ Nor did a Goddess bear thee, nor art thou  
“ Of Dardan’s Race, ungrateful perjur’d Wretch;  
“ But ’midst the rugged Rocks of *Caucasus*  
490 “ Wer’t born, and by *Hircanian* Tygers nurs’d.  
“ Why should I then dissemble? Or expect  
“ A happier Fate? Did he so much as sigh  
“ To see me weep? Or tow’rds me turn his Eyes,  
“ And drop a yielding Tear? Has he express’d  
495 “ The least Concern for her that loves too well?  
“ Which

“ Which of his Words or Actions have betray’d  
“ The most Barbarity ? Imperial *Juno*,  
“ And *Jove* himself, neglect my righteous Cause :  
“ What have I then to hope ? This Man, that  
“ came  
“ A Ship-wreck’d Indigent, I fondly hugg’d, 500  
“ Mad that I was, and with him shar’d my Throne :  
“ His shatter’d Fleet, and dying Friends preserv’d.  
“ To think on’t is Distraction ! Now, forsooth,  
“ *Apollo*’s Oracle, the *Lycian* Urn,  
“ And *Jupiter*’s strict Orders, sent from Heav’n 505  
“ By a celestial Herald, must be urg’d !  
“ ’Tis likely that the Gods, who live at Ease  
“ Should give themselves such Trouble ! But no  
“ more ;  
“ No longer I detain you here, nor deign  
“ To give your Frauds an Answer. Go, through  
“ Storms 510  
“ Seek *Italy*, seek Kingdoms thro’ the Main :  
“ But if the righteous Gods assert their Pow’r,  
“ I hope your Treason’s just Reward you’ll meet,  
“ By Rocks surrounded, and in vain invoke  
“ The Name of *Dido* : I, tho’ distant far, 515  
“ Will

“ Will like a Fury haunt you ; and when Death

“ From these cold Limbs shall free th’ imprison’d  
“ Soul,

“ My Ghost shall still pursue you : Full Revenge,

“ Base Wretch, shall reach your Crimes ; and I  
“ shall hear

520 “ The welcome News, to chear me in my Grave.

Abruptly here she ends, and sick with Grief  
Avoids and hates the Light ; away she flies  
To shun his Sight ; and leaves the pensive Prince  
In Pain for her, and much prepar’d to say.

525 Her waiting Ladies hasten to support  
Her tott’ring Limbs ; and on a Marble Couch,  
With costly Carpets cover’d, lay her down.

The pious Prince, tho’ eagerly he longs  
To comfort her, and with kind Words asswage

530 Her Grief and Cares ; tho’ frequent Sighs arise,  
And his firm Soul is shock’d by mighty Love ;  
Yet still resolves t’ obey the Gods, and hafts  
To see his Fleet equipp’d. The *Trojans* then,  
Intent upon their Work, with stately Ships

535 Cover the neighb’ring Shore, careen and launch’em :

Then

th Then from the Woods bring down their leafy Oars,

n'd And unwrought Timber, haft'ning to be gone:

ge, Thro' all the spacious Streets you might behold

d | The buisy Sailors crowding out in Troops.

e. So when industrious Ants contrive to rob

540

ce Some well-stock'd Gran'ry of it's precious Store,

ce Mindful of coming Winter, and design

ce To fill their little Cells ; o'er all the Fields

ce They spread their fable Regiments, and bear

ce Their Plunder jointly thro' a green Defile :

545

ce Some put their Shoulders to the largest Grain,

ce And shove it forwards ; some spur on the Slow,

ce And punish their Delay ; in ev'ry Path

ce Th' important gen'ral Work goes warmly on.

“ What then, unhappy *Dido*, were your Thoughts

550

“ At such a Sight ? How did your deep-fetch'd

“ Sighs

“ Heave your soft Breast ? When from a rising

“ Tow'r

“ You mark'd the Shore with bustling Numbers

“ throng'd

“ Ev'n in your Sight ? And heard the noisy

“ Crowd,

“ Whose

“ Whose echoing Cries disturb’d the peaceful  
555 “ Deep ?  
“ Imperious Love, how absolute you reign  
“ O’er mortal Minds ! Once more (she finds) she’s  
    forc’d  
To have Recourse to Tears, and try to bend  
His stubborn Heart by Pray’rs ; and humbly bow  
560 Her captive Soul to Love’s commanding Pow’r ;  
    Resolving ev’ry Method to explore,  
Before (all failing) she despairs and dies.  
“ Anna, she says, behold how all the Port  
“ Swarms with my *Trojan* Guests, their Sails un-  
    “ furl’d  
“ To court the Wind, the Ships with Garlands  
565 “ crown’d  
“ By cheerful Sea-men. Could I have foreseen,  
“ I could have born this Shock. Nought now re-  
    “ mains,  
“ But that you grant your miserable Friend  
“ And Sister one Request. This perjur’d Man  
570 “ Has always held you dear, and to your Breast  
“ His inmost Thoughts intrusted ; you alone  
“ Know his soft Hours, and Times of best Access :  
“ Go then, my Sister, and in humblest wise

“ Accost

## Book IV. ÆNEIS.

31

“ Accost this haughty Foe : I ne'er conspir'd  
“ At Aulis with the *Græcians*, to root out 373  
“ The Dardan Race, nor sent a Fleet to *Troy* ;  
“ I ne'er disturb'd his Father's peaceful Dust,  
“ Or awful Ghost ; and why then does he turn  
“ A deaf relentless Ear to what I say ?  
“ Ah ! whither would he fly ? This Boon at least 380  
“ To his despairing Lover let him grant ;  
“ To wait a prosp'rous Flight, and fav'ring Gales :  
“ No more on Marriage-Contracts I insist,  
“ Which he has broke ; nor urge him to renounce  
“ Italian Triumphs, and a promis'd Crown : 385  
“ I only beg a short Delay, to gain  
“ A breathing Space to tame my raging Grief,  
“ And grow familiar with my wayward Fate :  
“ This single Favour is my last Request ;  
“ Take Pity on me, Sister, and procure it ; 390  
“ Which if he grants, I'll pay him with my Death.  
Thus pray'd the Queen. Her weeping Sister flies,  
And more than once repeats the mournful Tale.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd he fees her Tears, and stops his Ears  
595 Against her Pray'rs, untractable to all ;  
The *Fates* oppose, and *Jove* has made him deaf.  
And as when fighting Winds on *Alpine Hills*  
Attack a sturdy Oak of antient Growth,  
On ev'ry Side, and shake it with their Blasts ;  
That creaks, and strews the Ground with scat-  
600 ter'd Leaves  
Blown from the bending Stock ; yet still remains  
Fix'd in the Rock immoveably ; it's Root  
As far extending downwards, as it's Head  
Advances upwards to the neighb'ring Sky :  
605 So fares it with the Prince, amidst the Shock  
Of Sighs and Pray'rs ; his Soul, tho' deeply touch'd,  
Preserves it's Strength, unmov'd by fruitless Tears.

And now th' unhappy Queen resolves to die,  
Scar'd by ill Omens, and abhors the Light :  
610 What more confirms her in her dire Intent ;  
Upon the smoaking Altars when she laid  
Her customary Off'rings, she beheld

(Horrid

(Horrid to tell!) the sacred Liquor stain'd  
With Blackness, and the Wine congeal'd to Gore:  
This was to all a Secret, and conceal'd to all 619  
Ev'n from her Sister's Knowledge: but besides,  
From a small Chappel, to her antient Spouse  
Of Parian Marble built, to which she paid  
Th' utmost Rev'rence, decking it all o'er  
With Fillets of white Wooll and verdant Leaves; 620  
She thought she heard her Husband's Voice at  
Night,  
Who seem'd to call her; whilst the luckless Owl,  
With her unwelcome Note alone complain'd,  
Perch'd on the House's Top, with lengthen'd Tone  
Resembling Weeping: Oft she calls to Mind 625  
Ill-boding Prophesies of antient Date,  
Whose dire Presages fright her: In her Sleep  
Cruel Æneas haunts her; then she dreams  
She's left alone, and forc'd to travel far  
Without Companions comfortless, and roam 630  
O'er savage Wilds to seek her Tyrian Friends.  
So Troops of Furies frantick *Pentheus* saw,

D

And

And thought two Suns appear'd, and double Thebes.

Orestes so, the Theme of Tragick Scenes,

His Mother shuns, with Fire-brands arm'd and  
635 Snakes,

And meets avenging Furies at the Door.

At length distracted, and o'ercome with Grief,

And firmly bent to die, the Time and Means

She thus contrives; with chearful Looks she calls

640 Her pensive Sister, and bespeaks her thus;

Whilst well dissembled Hope serenes her Brow.

“ Dear Sister, wish me Joy! Th’ Expedient’s found,

“ Which either will restore to me my Lover,

“ Or set me free from him: I’m told, that near

645 “ The Western Ocean’s Bounds and setting Sun,

“ On swarthy *Ethiopia*’s utmost Verge,

“ Where *Atlas* rears his monst’rous Bulk, and props

“ The heavenly Sphere with flaming Stars adorn’d;

“ There lives a Priestess of *Massilian* Race,

650 “ Th’ *Hesperian* Temple’s Guardian, who was wont

“ To feed the watchful Dragon, and protect

“ The

“ The sacred Tree and Fruit, besprinkled o'er  
“ With liquid Honey and with drowsy Poppy:  
“ She, by her potent Charms, can as she will  
“ Ease troubled Minds, or load with mighty Cares; 655  
“ Can stop swift Rivers, backward drive the Stars,  
“ Or raise the Midnight Ghosts: The trembling  
“ Earth  
“ Beneath her Footsteps groans, and lofty Trees  
“ From Mountain-Tops descend. I call the Gods  
“ And thy lov'd Head to witness, dearest Ann. 660  
“ That magick Arts unwillingly I try.  
“ Do you within the inmost Court erect  
“ A lofty Pile of Wood, and on it lay  
“ The Wand'r'r's Weapons, which he left behind  
“ (Base as he is!) within the Bridal Chamber; 665  
“ On them our Wedding Robes, and Nuptial Bed,  
“ The Scene of my undoing: Thus the Sage  
“ Advises, to destroy whate'er might call  
“ The Wretch to Mind. She spake, and then she  
stopp'd,  
Whilst deadly Paleness cover'd all her Face. 670  
Her Sister fears not that these novel Rites

Were meant to hide such Tragical Designs;  
Nor thinks her mad to that Degree; nor dreads  
More sad Effects than when *Sichæus* dy'd:  
675 She therefore hastes to execute her Will.

But now the Queen in open Air erects,  
Within her inmost Court, a stately Pile,  
Compos'd of unctuous Wood, and splinter'd Oak;  
Encompass'd round with flow'ry Wreaths, and  
crown'd  
680 With mournful Cypress: On the Bed she lays,  
Big with her coming Fate, the Marriage-Robes,  
His Image, and the Sword he left behind:  
The Alfars round are rear'd; the sage *Massylian*  
Raves with dishevel'd Tresses, and invokes  
685 Three hundred Deities, *Chaos*, and Hell,  
And threefold *Hecate*, the triple Form  
Of chaste *Diana*: with pretended Drops  
Of dire *Avernus* then she sprinkles all:  
Next, growing Herbs, crop'd in the Moon's due  
690 Age  
690 With brazen Sickles, and their pois'rous Juice:

At last, to make the Charm compleat, she adds  
Love's strong Incentive, from the Dam deriv'd,  
Pluck'd from a new-fall'n Colt, This done, the  
Queen  
Draws near the Altar, holding in her Hands  
A consecrated Cake; with one Foot bare,  
And Garments tuck'd about her: Fix'd to die,  
She calls the Gods to witness, and the Stars  
Whose baleful Aspects influenc'd her Fate:  
And if there's any Pow'r, that pities those  
Whom Love has join'd without the solemn Tye,  
Their mindful Justice humbly she implores.

'Twas Night, and all throughout the spacious  
Globe  
Refresh'd their weary'd Limbs with sweet Repose:  
The Woods were hush'd, the raging Sea was calm'd,  
And gliding Stars their Midnight Course per-  
form'd; 705  
The Fields were free from Noise; the Beasts, and  
Birds  
With painted Plumes, that swim in liquid Lakes,  
Or thorny Thickets haunt, in Night's still Shade

Affwag'd their Troubles, and forgot their Pains:

710 Not so unhappy *Dido*; Sleep to her

Is grown a perfect Stranger; nor can close

Her restless Eye-lids, or compose her Mind.

Her Cares redouble: with reviving Love

715 Sometimes she burns, sometimes with Anger raves;

Then weighs her Case, and inly thus resolves:

“ What can I do? Shall I, expos'd to Scorn,

“ My former Lovers court, and beg a Husband

“ Amongst the *Libyan* Kings, so late despis'd?

“ Or shall I sail aboard the *Trojan* Fleet,

720 “ Obsequious to their Will? Since much I've gain'd

“ By aiding them; and they remember well

“ My antient Favours! But suppose I would,

“ Yet who'll admit, or in his proud Ship bear

“ A Wretch so despicable? Art thou yet,

725 “ Poor ruin'd Princess! art thou yet to seek,

“ How far the Frauds and Perjuries extend

“ Of false *Laomedon*'s perfidious Race?

“ But grant I go; shall I alone attend

“ Th'

“ Th’ insulting Sailors, or with all my Pow’r  
“ Pursue the Fugitives? And those my Friends, 730  
“ Who for my Sake with Difficulty left  
“ Their Tyrian Homes, expose to Seas and Storms?  
“ Dy rather; Death, which is your just Desert,  
“ Can only put a Period to your Grief.  
“ Twas you, my Sister, vanquish’d by my Tears, 735  
“ That flatter’d first my Madness, and betray’d me  
“ To all these Sorrows, and a perjur’d Foe,  
“ Why could not I in Innocence have led  
“ A single Life, unsociable as Beasts,  
“ Rather than load my Days with such Distress? 740  
“ Ye precious Ashes of my bury’d Lord,  
“ How dearly have I paid for broken Vows!  
Thus she complain’d, bursting with inward Grief,

Mean while the *Trojan* Prince, resolv’d to sail,  
Within his stately Cabin slept aboard, 745  
Well pleas’d that all was ready for his Voyage.  
To him the God-like Form he saw before

In Sleep appear'd, and thus again advis'd:

(In all resembling *Mercury*, his Voice,

750 His bright Complexion, Locks of flowing Gold,

And well-shap'd Limbs set off with blooming  
Youth:)

“ Can you in this Condition, Goddess-born,

“ Securely sleep? and madly overlook

“ Surrounding Dangers? Hear you not the Winds

755 “ That blow propitioufly? The desp'rate Queen,

“ With various Storms of Passion toss'd, contrives

“ By Treason to produce some dire Event:

“ What stops your Flight, while yet you've Pow'r

“ to fly?

“ You'll see the Sea oppress'd with Ships, you'll

“ see

760 “ Destructive Torches burning, and the Shore

“ With hostile Flames o'erspread, if coming

“ Morn

“ Surprize you ling'ring here. Arise, be gone,

“ Make no Delay; from Women still expect

“ Inconstancy and Change. Thus spake the God,

765 And vanish'd in the gloomy Shades of Night.

The Prince, with this surprizing Vision scar'd,

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41

Leaps from his Bed, and rouses all all his Mates  
To speedy Labour. " Haste, he cryes, my Friends,  
" Shake off this drowsy Load, and loose your Sails  
" And stoutly ply your Oars: Once more, (behold!) 780  
" A God, expressly sent from Heav'n, commands  
" To fly with Speed, and cut the twisted Cables:  
" Thee, whoso'er thou art, Celestial Guide,  
" We gladly follow; and with Joy obey  
" Thy dread repeated Orders: Be thou nigh 785  
" To help and favour; and dispose the Stars,  
" To shed their kindest Influence on our Heads!  
He spake, and from the precious Scabbard drew  
His glitt'ring Sword; and with a single Stroke  
In funder cut the Cable: All the rest 790  
With equal Ardour hast and hurry out:  
The Shore's left empty, and the groaning Sea  
Is cover'd o'er with Ships; the Rowers cut  
Thro' foaming Waves, and brush the yielding Deep.

And

795 And now Aurora in her Saffron Robe  
Leaves aged *Typhon's* Bed, and strews the Heav'ns  
With new-born Light; when from a lofty Tow'’  
At first Approach of Day the watchful Queen  
Looks out, and sees the Fleet sail smoothly on;

800 The Harbour empty, and the naked Shore:  
Then with repeated Blows she raving beats  
Her beauteous Breast, and tear her Golden Locks  
“ Ye Gods, she cries, shall this insulting Stranger  
“ Get safely off? Shall we not all pursue

805 “ The Fugitive, and bring him back by Force?  
“ Man out the Fleet, be gone, take vengeful  
“ Flames,  
“ Unfurl your Sails with Speed, and ply your Oars.  
“ What say I? Or where am I? Wretched *Dido*!  
“ What frantick Dreams disturb your way'ring  
“ Mind!

815 “ See now the fatal Consequence of Guilt!  
“ You should before have seen it; when you gave  
“ Your self and Scepter to this barb'rous Guest.  
“ Behold his plighted Troth, whom *Fame* reports,  
“ T' have

“ T’ have snatch’d his Country Gods from hostile  
“ Flames, 815  
“ And on his Shoulders born his antient Sire!

“ But can’t I tear him Piece-meal! throw his  
“ Limbs

“ To gorge Sea-Monsters! massacre his Friends!

“ Stab his lov’d Son! and serve him up a Meal

“ Dress’d for his Father’s Table! But th’ Event 820

“ Of Battel might be doubtful: Be it so;

“ What has Despair to fear? I should have set

“ His Camp and Fleet on Fire; have slain at once

“ Father, and Son, and all the *Trojan Race*;

“ Then with my Death have clos’d the Tragick  
“ Scene.

“ Thou Sun, from whose bright Eyes there’s no-  
“ thing hid; 825

“ Thou Juno, Patroness of Nuptial Vows,

“ And conscious of my Wrongs; thou triple Pow’r,

“ With nightly Clamours thro’ the Streets invok’d;

“ Avenging Furies, and Infernal Gods

“ Sacred to dying Dido, O attend! 830

“ Join all to heap just Vengeance on his Crimes,

“ And make my Pray’rs effectual! If he must

“ (Per-

“ (Perjur'd and base!) the destin'd Harbour reach,

“ And land his Wand'lers on the wish'd for Shore;

835 “ If Jove unalterably has made it Fate :

“ Yet let a stubborn Nation vex him still

“ With constant Wars ; 'till from his Home exil'd,

“ Snatch'd from his Son's Embraces, he implores

“ The Aid of Strangers, and beholds his Friends

840 “ Untimely murther'd : Let him be oblig'd

“ To beg a shameful Peace ; nor then enjoy

“ His dear-bought Crown or Life ; but dy de-

“ spis'd

“ Before his Time, and leave his breathless Corps

“ A Prey to Beasts, unbury'd on the Shore !

“ 'Tis my last Pray'r, and with my Blood I'll seal

845 “ it.

“ But you, my *Tyrians*, fail not to pursue

“ With utmost Hatred all th' accursed Race,

“ And pay this welcome Tribute to my Ghost !

“ Between these Nations let no Commerce pass,

850 “ Nor League be made ! Let some avenging Plague,

“ When I am Ashes, from my Tomb arise,

“ To waste with Fire and Sword the *Trojan* States !

“ Now,

" Now, and henceforth, whene'er Occasion serves,

" With jealous Rivalship by Land and Sea

" May they for ever struggle; and entail 855

" The lasting Feud on Ages yet to come!

She spake; and all her various Thoughts employs,

To give her tedious Life a speedy End.

To Barce then, her Husband's Nurse, (her own

Long since within her native Country dy'd,) 860

She thus applies: " Dear Nurse, make Hast and

" call

" My Sister *Anna*; in some running Stream

" Desire her speedily to wash, and bring

" The destin'd Sacrifice and due Attonements:

" You, when she comes, around your Temples tye 865

" The sacred Fillet: fain would I compleat

" The solemn Rites, which lately I began

" To Stygian *Jove*, and bid my Cities farewell;

" Committing (as I ought) to raging Flames

" The perjur'd *Trojan's* Image. Thus she spake; 870

Her antient Nurse with zealous Hast obeys.

The

The trembling Queen, who raves with dire Designs,

Rolling her Blood-shot Eyes, her Cheeks with Rage

Now flush'd, now pale with Thoughts of coming Death,

875 Runs thro' th' Apartments to the inward Court;

With frantick Mien ascends the fatal Pile;

And from it's Scabbard draws the *Dardan* Sword,

A Gift bestow'd for no such fatal End.

When looking round she view'd with dying Eyes

880 The *Trojan* Garments and the well-known Bed,

Weeping and thoughtful for a while she paus'd;

Then down she lay, and thus she spake her last:

“ Ye sweet Remains, while Heav'n and Fortune

“ Smil'd,

“ Receive my latest Breath, and end my Cares:

885 “ I've liy'd, and finish'd my appointed Course;

“ And now my Ghost shall to *Elysian* Shades

“ Descend Illustrious: From the Ground I've

“ built

“ This stately Town, and seen it's lofty Walls

“ By me their Foundress finish'd: I've reveng'd

34T

“ My

“ My murther’d Spouse, and made my Brother feel 890

“ My weighty Vengeance: Happy had I been!

“ Thrice happy! had my Fate but added This,

“ To keep the *Dardan* Vessels from my Shore!

Then on the Nuptial Fun’ral Bed reclin’d,

“ And must I dy without Revenge? She cries, 895

“ But let me dy however: Thus, ev’n thus,

“ With Joy I court the welcome Shades of Death.

“ Let the *Barbarian* see, far off at Sea,

“ These rising Flames; and may my Fate pursue

“ him 898

“ With baleful Omens! Saying thus, she fell 900

Upon the *Trojan* Sword: Her Maids rush in,

And see the fatal Weapon drench’d in Blood,

And all besmear’d her Hands: With loud La-

ments 902

They fill the Palace; whilst thro’ all the Town

Fame spreads the shocking News: The Court re-  
ounds 905

With female Shrieks, deep Sighs, and dreadful  
Groans,

That pierce the Heav’ns, which echo to their  
Cries.

Such was the Noife, as if by hostile Bands

New *Carthage* had been sack'd, or antient *Tyre* ;  
910 And all their Houses, and their sacred Domes,  
Had sunk together in devouring Flames.

Her half-dead Sister hears the dreadful Din,  
Affrighted staggers thither, tears her Face,  
And beats her throbbing Breast ; runs thro' the  
915 Crowd,  
And calls on dying *Dido*. “ Is it thus  
“ You treat your Sister ? Could you thus deceive  
“ me ?  
“ Was it for this I rais'd this fatal Pile ?  
“ For this rear'd Altars, kindled sacred Fires ?  
“ Where shall your Plaints begin, abandon'd  
“ Wretch ?  
920 “ Cruel ! and could you then in Death despise  
“ Your Sister's Company ? I should have shar'd  
“ With you an equal Fate ; Both should have felt  
“ One Sword, one Grief, one Period of our Lives.  
“ Did I a Pile erect ? Did I invoke  
925 “ Our Country Gods ? to find these sad Effects  
“ Of my unhappy Absence ? O my Sister !  
“ One Stab has kill'd us both ; One Stroke destroy'd  
“ Your

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“ Your People, Senate, City! Hast, and bring  
“ Fresh Chrystal Streams, to wash these bleeding  
“ Wounds; 8  
“ And if there yet remains one parting Gasp, 930  
“ I'll suck it in, and mix her Breath with mine.  
Complaining thus, she climbs the lofty Pile;  
Then in her Bosom huggs the dying Queen,  
And with her Robe wipes off the clotted Blood.  
She strives to lift her heavy Eyes; but soon 935  
Faints in th' Attempt; her Wounds gush out afresh;  
On her weak Elbow leaning, thrice she tries  
To raise her Head, thrice on the Bed falls back;  
With wand'ring Eyes she stares, and seems to seek  
The Light of Heav'n, and groans when she has  
found it. 940

Imperial *Juno* now with Pity views  
Her tedious Torment, and uneasy Death; 930  
And *Iris* down from high *Olympus* sends,  
To free her struggling Soul, and break it's Bands:  
For since by *Fate* unsummon'd, free from Guilt, 945  
She dy'd untimely, urg'd by sudden Grief;

As yet the fatal Lock remain'd uncut,  
 The Pass of *Persephone* to Shades below:  
 Bright *Iris* therefore, flying thro' the Air  
 950 With dewy Wings, clad in her Saffron Robes,  
 Hangs o'er her Head: "By *Juno*'s dread Command  
 "To *Pluto* this I offer, and release  
 "Th' imprison'd Soul. She spake, and clipp'd  
 the Lock.  
 Strait all the vital Heat at once retir'd,  
 955 And her free'd Spirit vanish'd into Air.

*The End of the FOURTH BOOK.*



NOTES

# NOTES UPON THE FOURTH BOOK.

Ver. 18.  *ND Musick's in his Voice.*] I think this a just Translation of *Canebat*; especially when spoken by a love-sick Lady, to whom every Accent of his was (we may suppose) perfect Harmony. For I cannot imagine *Vigil* could so forget himself, as to think *Aeneas* told his Story in Verse, (as he wrote it) and so made Use of the Word *Canere*.

Ver. 194. *His Maternal Isle.*] *Delos.* Vide Notes upon the third Book, Ver. 98.

Ver. 217. *The Queen and Trojan' Chief.*] It is very observable in this Place, how nicely this Author sticks to the Rules of Decency. *Aeneas* is generally styl'd by him *Pius* or *Pater*, Pious or Father; but the Affair he is here engag'd in, agreeing with neither of those Characters, the

ii      NOTES upon the Fourth Book.

Poet styles him barely *Dux Trojanus*, the *Trojan Chief*, or *Captain*; a Title suitable enough to such a Piece of *Galantry*.

Ver. 326. *And Death to Life recalls.*] The *Latine Expression* is very doubtful, and *Lumina morte resignat* being capable of more than one Interpretation. For the last Word being us'd in two contrary Senses, either *to shut up*, or *to open*, leaves it uncertain which to chuse: But I have preferr'd this, because it gives a distinct Office to *Mercury*, and so avoids a Tautology; being different from the first Office assign'd him, of *calling Souls from Hell*; which was only temporary upon some divine Message, whereas this is the restoring them to perfect Life.

Ver. 398. *Like some wild Thyas.*] It was usual at their frequenting the Feasts of *Bacchus*, for the Women to bind Ivy Branches round a Kind of Spear, which they call'd *Thyrsus*; and to run about raving, as if inspir'd by the God; who had every three Years a more remarkable Festival on Mount *Citheron*, which was solemniz'd in the Night with all Manner of Extravagancies.

Ver. 632. *Frantick Pentheus.*] He was King of *Thebes*; who for disturbing the Feasts of *Bacchus*, was torn in Pieces by his Mother and She-Relations; but before that was struck with Madness, and fancy'd, (as he is introduc'd by *Euripides* to say) that he saw two Suns, and a twofold *Thebes*.

Ver. 634. *Orestes*] The Son of *Agamemnon* and *Glycmenes*, who having kill'd his Mother, for murthering his Father, (in Conjunction with her Lover *Aegisthus*) was said to be pursu'd by Furies.

Ver. 650. *Th' Hesperian Temple's Guardian,*] In the *Hesperian Gardens* there were Golden Apples, which were guarded by a watchful Dragon; whom *Hercules* kill'd by the Command of *Eurythoeus*, and took away the precious Fruit. *Virgil* adds over and above, a Temple and a Priestess.

Ver.

NOTES upon the Fourth Book.      iii

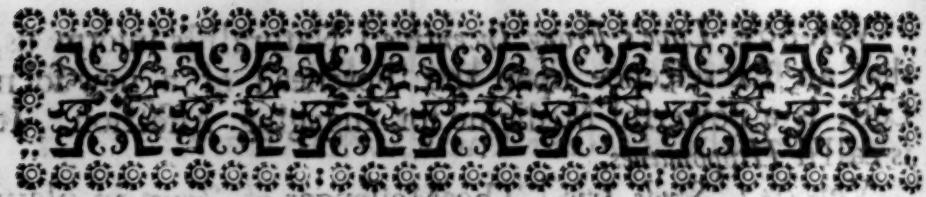
Ver. 692. *Love's strong Incentive.*] Naturalists inform us, that an Excrecence upon the Forehead of a new-fol'n Colt, is a powerful Medicine for engaging Affection. It is call'd *Hippomanes*.

Ver. 943. *Sends Iris.*] The Messenger of *Juno*, in plain English the Rain-Bow.

Ver. 947. *As yet the fatal Lock remain'd uncut.*] The Romans were of Opinion, that none could die, 'till a Lock was cut off, as the first Fruits of their Mortality, and consecrated to *Proserpine* the Queen of Hell; and the Custom seems to be borrow'd from the clipping some Hairs from the Front of a Sacrifice, before it was offer'd up.



NOTES



# VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

## BOOK the FIFTH.



MEAN while *Aeneas* with his Fleet  
purſu'd  
His purpoſ'd Voyage thro' the open  
Sea,

And plow'd the Billows with a fav'ring Gale :  
When looking back on those forsaken Walls,  
Where lost *Eliza*'s Flames cast forth a Light  
That brighten'd all the Air, he could not guesſ  
What

What fatal Cause had kindled such a Fire?  
But well the *Trojans* knew, what frantick Grief  
For slighted Love, and female Rage could do;  
And drew bad Omens from th' ill-boding Sight. 10

And now with swelling Sails they'd reach'd  
the Main, The Sight of Land quite lost; and nought ap-  
pear'd,  
Where-e'er they cast their Eyes, but Skies and  
Waves:

When strait a drizzling Mist hangs o'er their Heads,  
The moist Forerunner of a gloomy Storm;  
And horrid Darknes covers all the Deep:

The Master Pilot *Palinurus* cries,  
" Alas! What mean these Clouds that shade the  
" Heav'ns!  
" What dire Design does Father *Neptune* form!  
This said, he strait commands to furl the Sails, 20  
And ply their sturdy Oars; while he directs  
His Course a-slope, to gain a Side-long Wind:  
Then thus bespeaks *Æneas*. " Gen'rous Prince,  
" Tho' Jove himself should promise me Success,

25 " I could not in such Weather hope to reach  
" Th' *Italian* Shore; The Winds are come about  
" Just in our Teeth; and from the dark soin *West*  
or " Blows a fresh Storm, which thickens all the Air:  
" In vain we strive against it, and in vain  
30 " Try to proceed: Since *Fortune* must o'ercome,  
" Let us comply; and wheresoe'er she leads,  
" Direct our patient Course. Not far from hence  
" The Kingdom lies of *Eryx* your Ally,  
" As I conjecture; and *Sicilian* Ports  
35 " Are near at Hand; if rightly I recal  
" Those Stars to Mind which I before observ'd.  
" Long since I saw (the pious Prince replies)  
" The Winds inclining thither, and perceiv'd  
" Your vain Attempts to steer a diff'rent Course:  
40 " Then tack about: What Country can I seek  
" With greater Pleasure? Better where refit  
" My Vessels Tempest-toss'd, than where my  
" Friend  
" And much-lov'd Country-man *Acestes* reigns?  
" Where the kind Soil within her friendly Womb  
" Contains

“ Contains my Father’s venerable Bones ? ”  
This said, they strive to reach the wish’d-for Port ;  
Whilst fav’ring Winds distend the swelling Sails,  
And swiftly drive the Vessels thro’ the Deep :  
At length they safely gain the well-known Shore.  
Æcestes from a lofty Hill beholds  
The friendly Fleet, and wonders at their coming ;  
Yet hafts to meet them ; Jav’lins in his Hand,  
And in a *Libyan* Bear-skin roughly dress’d :  
A *Trojan* born, *Cremisus* was his Sire  
The River-God : His old paternal Race  
He well remembers, and with rustick Joy  
Receives and largely treats his weary’d Friends.

Now the successive Morning’s *Eastern* Dawn  
Had put the Stars to Flight : *Æneas* calls  
His scatter’d Mates together from the Shore,  
And from a rising Hillock thus bespeaks ’em :  
“ Offspring of Gods, Illustrious Sons of *Troy*,  
“ The Sun has now perform’d his annual Round,  
“ Since

“ Since fun’ral Rites were paid, and Altars rear’d  
65 “ To my immortal Father’s sacred Bones,  
“ And dear Remains: This is the Solemn Day,  
“ Which shall for ever be observ’d by me  
“ (So Heav’n ordains,) with Sorrow and Respect.  
“ Were I a Wand’rer near *Getilian* Sands,  
70 “ Were I encompass’d round with *Græcian* Seas,  
“ Or proud *Mytenæ*’s Walls; I’d still perform  
“ These yearly Vows with Solemn Pomp of Grief,  
“ And pay my due Observance at his Shrine:  
“ But here we gladly see the very Place  
75 “ That holds his sacred Bones and hallow’d Dust,  
“ And in a friendly Harbour safely rest.  
“ Come then, my Friends, together let us pay  
“ Due Honours to his Ghost, implore from him  
“ Propitious Winds, and beg him to accept  
80 “ In Temples built to him these annual Dues,  
“ Whene’er my destin’d City’s Walls I raise.  
“ *Aætæs*, conscious of his *Trojan* Birth,  
“ Two well-fed Oxen to each Ship presents:  
sonis ” “ Then

“ Then treat your Household and your Country  
“ Gods, 83  
“ And all those Pow’rs your gen’rous Host adores.  
“ But farther, when *Aurora* ushers in  
“ The ninth Day’s Morn, and guilds the World  
“ with Light;  
“ Games I’ll appoint, in which the *Trojan* Youth  
“ Shall for the Mast’ry strive, And first at Sea  
“ The swiftest Course; a Foot-Race next at Land; 89  
“ Then who with surest Aim best bends the Bow;  
“ Or the tough *Cestus* whirls with manli’st Force:  
“ Let all be ready at th’ appointed Time,  
“ Secure of just Rewards. But now, my Friends,  
“ Due Silence keep, and crown your Heads with  
“ Boughs. 95  
So spake the Prince; and round his Temples  
twin’d  
His Mother’s fragrant Myrtle: *Elymus*  
Performs the same, the same does old *Acestes*,  
And young *Ascanius*, and their num’rous Train.  
The *Trojan* Chief, surrounded by a Crowd 100  
Of many thousands, marches to the Tomb,  
And makes his due Libations: On the Ground

To

To *Bacchus* pours two Cups of gen'rous Wine,  
Two of fresh Milk, and two of hallow'd Blood;  
Then scatters purple Flow'rs, and thus he says:  
“ Hail, sacred Sire! and ye his Ashes hail!  
“ His awful Ghost, and venerable Shade,  
“ In vain revisited! since *Fate* forbids  
“ To reach th' *Italian* Shore, and destin'd Realms,  
Or seek *Ausonian* *Tyber*'s unknown Stream,  
“ In thy lov'd Company! He spake, and strait  
From out the Tomb crept forth a monst'rous Snake,  
With sev'n large Orbita, and sev'n winding Folds;  
Surrounds the Monument with kind Embrace,  
And glides between the Altars: On it's Back  
The azure Spots were mix'd with Streaks of  
Gold;  
That brighten'd all the Scales: The Heav'nly  
Bow  
Varies her Colours to a thousand Ways,  
When glitt'ring Sun-beams paint a wat'ry Cloud.  
Æneas saw, and wonder'd; but the Snake,  
With Train immense, at last slides o'er the Bowls  
And polish'd Cups, licks up the sacred Liquor;

Then

Then inoffensive to it's old Retreat  
Gently retires, and leaves the Altars bare.  
Æneas now with greater Zeal renews  
His Father's Fun'ral Honours ; doubtful yet,  
If 'twere the Guardian Genius of the Place,  
Or sacred to *Anchises*. Five fat Ews,  
Five Sows, and five fat Bullocks he devotes,  
Th' accustom'd Sacrifice : then largely pours  
Wine from the Golden Goblets ; and invokes  
The Soul of great *Anchises*, and his Ghost,  
No longer to Infernal Shades confin'd.  
His kind Companions, in Proportion due,  
The Altars load with Gifts, and slaughter'd Beasts :  
Some, brazen Caldrons in just Order place ;  
Some, stretch'd along the Grass, beneath the Spits  
Kindle quick Fires, and roast the sacred Entrails.

And now the much-expected Day arriv'd,  
When *Phœbus* usher'd in with chearful Beams  
The ninth unclouded Morning. Busy *Fame*,  
And

And great *Acestes*' Name, had summon'd in  
The neighb'ring Country: All the Shore was  
throng'd,  
With num'rous Crowds; that either came to see  
145 The *Trojan* Heroes, or contest the Prize.  
First in the Midst expos'd to open View  
Lay the Rewards of Conquest; sacred Tripods  
Green Garlands, Palms to crown the Victor's  
Head; Rich warlike Equipage, with purple Robes,  
150 Talents of Silver and of massy Gold.

And now the Trumpet from a rising Ground  
Gives the shrill Signal, and the Games commence.  
And first four Ships, the Flow'r of all the Fleet,  
A Naval Course with vying Oars begin.

155 *Mnestheus*, with skilful Rowers well supply'd,  
Rules the swift *Whale*; *Mnestheus*, who soon must  
fix  
In *Italy*, and there transmit his Name  
Down to the *Memmian* Race. *Gyas* commands  
The

Book V.      ÆNEIS.      10

The huge *Chimæra*, vastly large, that seems  
A floating Castle; row'd by sturdy Youths, 160  
With triple Ranks, and triple Banks of Oars.  
*Sergestus* next, from whom the *Sergian* Race,  
Governs the bulky *Centaur*. And the last,  
The Sea-green *Scylla*, stout *Cloanthus* guides;  
From whom *Cluentius* draws his long Descent. 165

There stood a Rock far distant off at Sea,  
Against the foaming Shore, sometimes o'er-  
whelm'd  
With noisy Billows, when the *Western* Winds  
Blew sharply, and with Clouds eclipse the Stars:  
In calmer Seasons undisturb'd it rears 170  
It's peaceful level Surface, and invites  
The Water Fowl to dry their moisten'd Wings;  
On this *Æneas* fix'd a verdant Branch  
Crop'd from a sturdy Oak, the Sailor's Mark  
To tack about, and sailing round return. 175  
All take by Lot their Stations: on the Poop  
The bold Commanders stand, in purple Vests  
    Embroider'd

Embroider'd o'er with Gold: The lusty Youth  
With Poplar Wreaths are crown'd, and naked shew  
180 Their brawny Shoulders suppled well with Oil.  
Fix'd to their Benches now, with out-stretch'd  
Arms  
They grasp their Oars, and wait th' appointed Sign:  
Their panting Hearts sometimes with Fear de-  
press'd,  
Sometimes with eager Hope of Conquest rais'd.

185 And now the Trumpet gives a shrill Alarm:  
When from their Stations all with rival Hast  
Start forth; the Sky with Naval Shouts resounds,  
And the Sea foams beneath their lab'ring Arms:  
At once they cut the Deep; the Waves divide,  
190 Torn by contending Oars and three-fork'd Beaks:  
With less Dispatch the well-pair'd Horses draw  
A racing Carr, and swiftly leave the Goal:  
With less, the Charioteer with slacken'd Reins  
Leans o'er their Necks, and plies the smarting  
Whip.  
The neighb'ring Grove resounds with glad Ap-  
195 plause,

And

And grateful Murmurs of the pleas'd Spectators ;  
The winding Shore returns the echoing Noise,  
Which loudly from the trembling Hill rebounds.

Midst these repeated Clamours *Gyas* strives  
T' outstrip the rest, and foremost gains the Main : 200  
*Cloanthus* follows close, superiour far  
In Oars, but by th' unweildy Bulk detain'd :  
Behind at equal Distance jointly strive  
The *Whale* and *Centaur* to o'ertake their Leaders :  
And now the *Whale* gains Ground ; the *Centaur*  
now 205  
Leaves her behind ; now in a Line they sail,  
And plow with brazen Keels the briny Waves.  
At length the Rock, th' appointed Mark, grows  
near ;  
When *Gyas*, who sail'd foremost, thus bespeaks  
The Pilot of his Ship ; “ *Menætes*, hold, 210  
“ Steer not so far to th' Right ; direct your Course  
“ More this Way tow'rds the Rock, and with your  
“ Oars  
“ Just brush it on the Left ; the open Main  
“ Let others keep. He spake ; but lurking Shelves

215 *Menetes* fear'd, and turning off his Prow  
Stood out to Sea. *Gyas* again calls out,  
“ What means this diff'rent Course ? *Menetes*,  
“ steer  
“ Close to the Rock : For as he spake, he saw  
*Cloanthus* just behind, with eager Aim  
220 To get the shorter Cut : Between the Rock  
And *Gyas*' Ship, successfully he keeps  
The left Hand Road ; and strait outstrips his  
Leader,  
Doubles the Mark, and safely gains the Sea.  
The noble Youth, with Grief and Rage oppress'd,  
225 Sheds Tears for Anger ; and, regardless grown  
Of his own Fame, and his Companion's Life,  
O'er board his sluggish Pilot headlong throws ;  
Then takes the Helm, and guides the Ship himself,  
Cheering his Mates, and steering tow'rs the Rock.  
230 Mean while *Menetes*, from the Bottom ris'n,  
Whom Age and dripping Garments doubly load,  
With much ado climbs up the Rock, and there  
Sits dry ; his Friends, who when he fell and swam,  
Loud Peals of Laughter gave ; do now the same,

To see him there disgorgè the briny Waves. 235  
And now the hindmost Two new Hopes conceive,  
Sergestus and stout *Mnestheus*, to o'ertake  
The lagging *Gyas*; foremost of the Two  
Sergestus fails, and to the Rock draws near;  
But not a Ship's Length foremost, Part before, 240  
Part by the Rival *Whale*'s sharp Beak oppress'd:  
*Mnestheus* appears upon the Deck, and walks  
From Stem to Stern, and thus chears up his Mates:  
" *Hector*'s Companions, whom in *Troy*'s last Day  
" I chose for mine, now briskly ply your Oars; 245  
" Now shew that Strength and Spirit, which you  
" us'd  
" Amidst *Getulian* Sands, *Ionian* Seas,  
" And *Malea*'s tumbling Waves: I seek not now  
" To coine in first, and conquer all the rest;  
" (O that I could!) but let the Prize be theirs. 250  
" Whom *Neptune* favours; let me 'scape the Shame  
" Of being last; Then pull away, my Friends,  
" To hinder such Disgrace. Strait all exert  
Their utmost Skill; and, bending to their Oars,

255 Make the Ship tremble with repeated Stroaks;  
Vast Way they make, and pant with trembling  
Limbs,  
And thirsty Throats, whilst Steams of Sweat run  
down.  
A lucky Chance confers the wish'd Success:  
For whilst *Sergestus* on the inward Side  
260 Steers tow'rds the Mark too rashly, and attempts  
The shortest Cut; unhappily he strikes  
On hidden Rocks, that jutted out beneath;  
They felt the Shock, whilst on the pointed Crags  
The creaking Oars were broken, and the Prow  
265 Quite shatter'd stuck; up starts th' affrighted Crew,  
And with loud Cries lament the forc'd Delay;  
With harden'd Poles they hove and Crows of Jr'n,  
And gather up at Sea their broken Oars.  
*Mnestheus*, o'erjoy'd, improves this lucky Chance,  
270 Plies all his Oars, and with the Wind to friend  
Drives down the Tide, and swims in open Sea;  
And as a Dove that builds in Rocky Cliffs,  
Scar'd from her Nest, flies frighted round the Fields,  
And claps her Pinions o'er her little Dwelling;

Then launches out, and thro' the passive Air  
Glides smoothly on, nor moves her level Wings:  
So *Mnestheus*, so the *Whale* which he commands,  
Fly o'er the yielding Waves, their utmost Course  
Push'd on with Vigour that supports their Speed.  
And first *Sergestus* far behind he leaves, 280  
Encumber'd near the Rock, in shallow Fords;  
Calling in vain for Help, and striving hard  
With shatter'd Oars to run th' unequal Race:  
Then follows *Gyas*, and the mighty Bulk  
Of his *Chimæra*, which perforce gives Way, 285  
Her Pilot lost: *Cloanthus* only now  
Remains to crown the Work; at him he strains,  
And strives with all his Force to pass beyond him:  
Repeated fav'ring Shouts thro' all the Air  
Resound, and as he follows urge him on: 290  
Those cannot bear to lose the Honour gain'd,  
The Prize they thought their own; and would  
exchange Their Lives for Conquest: These expect to win,  
Flush'd with Success; and think they all Things  
can,

295 Because they all Things dare : and both perhaps  
Had shar'd the due Reward with equal Beaks ;

Had not *Cloanthus* stretch'd his Hands to Sea,  
And brib'd the list'ning Gods with Vows and  
Pray'rs :

“ Ye Gods, that rule these Seas in which I sail,

300 “ To you I bind my self by sacred Vow,

“ Gladly to offer on the neighb'ring Shire

“ A Milk-white Bull ; to throw to briny Waves

“ His smoaking Entrails, and Libations make

“ Of gen'rous Wine. He spake, and all below

305 The Sea-Gods heard ; the *Nereids*, and the Train

Of *Phocus*, and the Virgin *Panope* ;

Whilst old *Portunus* with his monst'rous Hand

Push'd on the floating Ship ; which flew to Land

As swift as Southern Winds, or feather'd Shafts,

310 And reach'd and rested on the inmost Port.

Æneas then, a gen'ral Summons giv'n,

Commands the Herald loudly to proclaim

*Cloanthus* Conqueror, and crowns his Brow

With

With verdant Laurel, to each Vessel then  
Sends equal Presents; three fat Beeves, and Wine, 324  
With these a Silver Talent; but confers  
On each illustrious Chief distinct Rewards:  
A Caslock of the richest Gold Brocade,  
With double winding Trains of Purple edg'd, 325  
The *Melibœan* Dye, adorn'd the first:  
In which the Royal Youth was interwov'n,  
Coursing fleet Stags on *Ida's* Woody Top,  
And piercing them with Darts; intent he seem'd  
On his lov'd Sport, and almost out of Breath;  
When swiftly from above, the Bird that bears 325  
The Thund'r's Arms, with crooked Talons  
feiz'd  
The lovely Youth, and bore him up on high;  
His antient Guardians lift their Hands to Heav'n  
In vain, the Dogs he cherish'd bark in vain.  
On him who bravely gain'd the second Place, 330  
The Prince bestows a costly Coat of Mail,  
Set off with Hooks and triple Threads of Gold;  
Which he in Battel from *Demoleus* won,

Near *Simois'* Stream, before *Troy's* lofty Walls;

335 A graceful Dress, and sure Defence in War:

Two sturdy Servants on their Shoulders bore

The massy Folds, and bow'd beneath their Weight;

But strong *Demoleus* us'd with Ease to wear

The pond'rous Load, and chace the panting *Tra-  
jans*.

340 Two brazen Cisterns to the third he gives,

And Silver Cups, emboss'd with Figures round,

Pleas'd with these precious Gifts the Conquerors  
walk

In State, their Heads with Scarlet Ribbands bound;

When from the Rock with much ado got off,

345 With broken Oars and one disabled Bark,

*Sergestus* in his tatter'd Bark draws nigh,

And makes a sorry Figure: So a Snake

That haunts a rising Road, if crush'd athwart

By some Cart-Wheel, or by some weighty Stone

Thrown from a Trav'ller's Hand; half dead and

550 bruis'd, Wriths it's long Train in vain, and strives to fly;

One Part yet threatens, and with sparkling Eyes

Rears up the Neck, and hisses; t'other Part

Maim'd

Maim'd with it's Wounds retards him, whilst he  
ties

355

His self-entangled Limbs in knotty Folds:

Such seem'd the Rowage of the lagging Ship;

Which still moves on, and with full Sails arrives:

Him too the Prince rewards, because he brought

His Vessel and Companions safe to Shore:

360

A female Slave he gives of *Cretan* Race,

Fair *Phloe*, skill'd in *Minerva*'s Arts,

With two sweet Infants hanging on her Breasts.

The Naval Sports thus finish'd, strait he moves

On to a grassy Plain, encompass'd round

365

By woody Hills; and in the Vale beneath

Appears a circling Theatre; where he,

Attended by vast Numbers, midmost sits.

Here with propos'd Rewards he spurs them on,

And orders Prizes for the swiftest Runners.

370

In this both *Trojans* and *Sicilians* join:

The first *Euryalus* and *Nisus*; That,

For Beauty fam'd and Bloom of vig'rous Youth;

This,

This, for his Friendship to the lovely Boy:

373 Diores next, of Priam's Royal Race:

*Salius* and *Patron* then; a native One  
Of rich *Epirus*; another from the Plains  
Of fair *Aetolia*, of *Tegan* Blood:  
Then two *Sicilian* Striplings; *Elymus*,  
380 And sprightly *Panopes*, in Forrests wild  
Accustom'd to the Chase; Companions both  
Of old *Hecules*. Many more appear'd,  
Whom silent *Fame* consigns to dark Oblivion.

To them *Aeneas* thus his Speech address'd:

385 "Mind what I say, and chearfully attend;  
" Not one of all that for the Prize contests  
" Shall unrewarded go; Two *Gnossian* Darts  
" Glitt'ring with polish'd Steel, a two-edg'd Axe  
" Inlay'd with burnish'd Silver; these shall be  
390 " Your common Purchase; but the foremost Three  
" Distinct Rewards shall have, and Olive Wreaths  
" Shall bind their conqu'ring Brows. The first  
" Shall gain  
" A generous Steed with costly Trappings deck'd;

The

“ The next an *Amazonian* Quiver fill’d  
“ With *Thracian* Arrows, and a Golden Belt  
“ Whose Button is a Jewel: Let the last  
“ This *Gracian* Helmet be content to wear  
He spake; and strait the Racers take their Post,  
And wait th’ appointed Signal: Hearing That,  
Like a swift Tempest from the Goal they fly,  
And on the Mark together fix their Eyes.  
But *Nisus* gets the Start, and foremost runs,  
More fleet than Winds, or Light’ning’s fiery  
Wings:  
Next him, but at a tedious Distance next,  
*Salius* advances nimbly: after him  
*Euryalus* is Third; whom *Elymus*  
With Speed pursues: *Diores* just behind  
Hangs o’er his Back, and seems to touch his Heels:  
And had the Course been longer, He perhaps  
Had got before, or doubtful left the Prize.  
Now all, with running spent, are just arriv’d  
Near to the Race’s End; when luckless *Nisus*  
Slides on the sipp’ry Blood of slaughter’d Beasts,

Spilt

Spilt on the Ground and moist'ning all the Field;

415 The Youth, too soon assur'd of Conquest, strives  
To keep his stagg'ring Feet; but all in vain;  
Flat down he falls, in Mud and sacred Gore:  
Nor did he in that wretched Case forget  
*Euryalus*; but mindful of his Friend

420 Half rises from the Ground, and *Salius* stops,  
Who tumbles o'er him on the clotted Sand;  
And now a Conqu'ror by his Friend's kind Aid,  
Whilst all th' Assembly murmur their Applause,  
*Euryalus* the foremost Prize obtains;

425 The second *Elymus*; the third *Diores*.  
But *Salius* with repeated Cries implores  
Th' assembled Lords and Judges, to restore  
The glorious Prize which he by Fraud had lost;  
The publick Favour, and becoming Tears,

430 And Virtue, brighten'd by a beauteous Form,  
Protect *Euryalus*: *Diores* too  
435 Befriends the Youth, and loudly take his Part;  
Who to one Prize succeeded; and in vain  
Expects

Expects the last, if *Salius* gain the first.

Then sage *Aeneas* thus: "Your fix'd Rewards," 435

"Brave Youths, are yours; and none shall break  
"the Rule:

"But give me Leave to pity and console

"My faithless Friend's Mishap. He said, and gave

To *Salius*, a *Getulian* Lyon's Skin

Of monst'rous Size; the bristling Main a Load, 440

With Claws of Gold. "If such Rewards as these

"The vanquish'd grace, says *Nisus*, and you deign

"To pity those that fall; what noble Prize

"May I expect? who had the Conquest gain'd,

"Had I not shar'd the same ill Luck with *Salius*? 445

He spake, and speaking shew'd his Face and Limbs

Bedawb'd with Mire. On him *Aeneas* darts

A Smile of Approbation, and commands

To bring a Shield, by *Didymaon* wrought,

And once by *Grecians* fix'd to *Neptune's Shrine*;

With which the noble Youngster he presents. 450

The

The Race thus done, the Prizes thus dispos'd,  
Again Æneas says: "If any here  
" Will vie for Strength and Courage, let them  
" come,  
455 " And round their manly Arms the *Cestus* bind.  
Thus spake the Prince, and for the Combat nam'd  
A double Prize; to him that should o'ercome,  
A stately Bull, with Ribbands deck'd and Gold,  
His just Reward; to him that's foil'd, a Sword  
460 And precious Helmet, to asswage his Grief.  
Without Delay, vast Dares, wond'rous strong,  
With Head erect o'erlooks the wond'ring Crowd,  
Who only durst and could contend with Paris.  
The same, who in the Games at *Hector's* Tomb,  
465 The conqu'ring Gyant *Butes* fell'd, whose Race  
Was from *Bebrycian Amycus* deriv'd,  
And left him breathless on the *Pbrygian* Shore.  
Such Dares was, and such he seem'd to be,  
Raising his lofty Head intent on War:  
470 He spreads his spacious Shoulders, stretches out

And shakes his brawny Arms, and cuffs the Air:

Alone he stood; of all the num'rous Crowd

Not one appear'd to match him, or put on

The hostile *Cestus*: He rejoicing stands,

Secure of Conquest, at the Prince's Feet:

475

And seizing with his left the Bullock's Horns,

Thus without farther Ceremony says:

"If, Goddes-born, none dares the Combat try,

"Why stand I here? Why am I thus delay'd?

"Let me bear off the Prize: The *Trojans* all

480

Murmur their glad Assent, and judge it his.

But old *Acestes* inly frets, and thus

*Entellus* warmly with sharp Words upbraids,

Who then sat next him on a grassy Couch:

"*Entellus*, heretofore in vain you've been

485

"The first of Heroes, if you tamely sit,

"And see such noble Prizes carry'd off

"Without a Struggle; Where's that Godlike Man,

"Eryx, so oft your Master vainly stol'd?

"Where that vast Fame that fill'd *Trinacria*'s Isle?

490

"Where

“ Where those illustrious Spoils that grace your Hall?

*Entellus* thus replies: “ Unus’d to fear,

“ I still am fond of Praise, and covet Fame;

“ But freezing Age congeals my lazy Blood,

495 “ Benums my Body, and exhausts my Strength:

“ Had I that Youth which once I had, and which

“ This Boaster trusts to, had I that again;

“ Unbrib’d by Gifts, regardless of the Prize,

“ Long since the Lists I’d enter’d. Thus he spake,

500 And in the Midst two pond’rous *Cestus* threw,

Whose Burthen warlike *Eryx* us’d to bear

In single Combat on his brawny Arms:

All wonder’d at the Weapons, which contain’d

Sev’n large Bull-Hides, with Lead and Steel in-  
lay’d;

505 But chiefly *Dares*, who retiring back

Declines the Challenge; whilst the gen’rous Prince

Praises the wond’rous Weight with active Strength,

And lightly tosses round the monst’rous Folds.

Then thus *Entellus* speaks; “ What if you’d see

510 “ The *Cestus*, and the other massy Arms,

“ Worn

“ Worn by *Alcides* ; and the dreadful Fight  
“ Fought on this very Shore ? These Weapons then  
“ *Eryx* your Brother us’d ; and still (you see) -  
“ They’re stain’d with clotted Gore, and shatter’d  
“ Brains : 515  
“ With these *Alcides* he oppos’d ; and these  
“ I oft made use of, whilst the sanguine Blood  
“ Danc’d nimbly thro’ my Veins, e’er envious Age  
“ Had shed it’s Liv’ry on my hoary Head :  
“ But since these proffer’d Weapons are refus’d  
“ By *Trojan Dares* ; if *Æneas* please, 520  
“ And great *Acestes*, who the Combat nam’d,  
“ We’ll fight upon the Square : Dismiss your  
“ Fears ;  
“ I’ll quit the Arms of *Eryx*, and quit you  
“ The *Trojan Cestus*. Saying thus, he dropp’d  
His double Garments, and display’d his Shoulders, 525  
His well-set Limbs, big Bones, and sinewy Arms,  
And Gyant-like advances tow’rds the Lists.  
*Æneas* then for equal Gauntlets calls, 530  
And Order gives to arm them both alike.  
On tiptoe now they stand erect, and stretch

Their manly Arms to Heav'n with dauntless  
Mien;

Their lofty Heads held backwards, to avoid  
The threat'ned Blow ; and first their clatt'ring  
Hands

They clash together, Prologue to the War.

535 This nimbly moves, with vig'rous Youth sustain'd ;  
That on his Bulk relies ; tho' fault'ring Knees  
Support him scarcely, and he pants beneath  
The massy Load of his unwieldy Limbs.

In vain repeated Blows they give and take ;

540 Their hollow Sides they batter, and their Breasts  
With weighty Thumps resound ; their active  
Hands  
With frequent Bangs their Ears and Temples load,  
And their Cheeks crack beneath the bruising  
Wounds.

Unmov'd, and in one constant Posture fix'd,

545 Stands old *Entellus* ; but with watchful Eyes,  
And careful to decline the coming Stroke :  
*Dares*, like one that strives by Siege to take  
Some lofty Town, or Castle strongly fenc'd,  
Now here, now there attempts, and views with  
Skill

Each

Each sev'ral Passage, ev'ry Ent'rance tries,    550  
With oft renew'd Attacks, but all in vain :  
Raising himself, *Entellus* rear'd his Hand,  
And brandish'd it on high : *Dares* foresaw  
The Blow descending, level'd at his Head,  
And with quick Motion step'd aside and shun'd it : 555  
On empty Air *Entellus* spends his Force ;  
And having miss'd his Aim falls headlong down ;  
And shakes the Ground with his prodigious  
Weight.  
So falls a hollow Pine, with Roots upturn'd,  
In *Erymanthian* or *Idæan* Woods.    560

The *Trojan* and *Sicilian* Youth start up  
With diff'rent Aims, and send loud Cries to Heav'n :  
*Acestes* first runs to him, and in haste  
Lifts up his old contemporary Friend,  
Bemoaning his Mischance : He, undismay'd,    565  
And by his Fall untir'd, renew's the Fight  
With greater Force, and borrows Strength from  
Rage ;  
Spurr'd on by Shame, and Sense of inward Worth.  
And now ineens'd, thro' all the Lists he drives

570 The flying *Dares* ; and redoubling fast  
His Blows with Right and Left, no Respite gives,  
No Rest allows : as thick as Show'rs of Hail  
That rattle on the Tiles, repeated Strokes  
From both the Heroe's Hands on *Dares* fall,

575 And chase him round the Field. *Aeneas* then  
Restraints the angry Victor, curbs his Rage,  
And bids the Combat cease ; preserving so  
The batter'd *Dares*, whom with gentle Words  
He thus perswades : “ Unhappy Friend, desist,

580 “ What Frenzy prompts you longer to contend  
“ With Force unequal, and the Gods averse ?  
“ Submit to Fate. He spake, and at his Word  
The Fight was ended : *Dares* by his Friends  
Is carry'd off, dragging his feeble Knees,

585 Unable to support his tott'ring Head,  
And spitting Teeth out mingled with his Blood.  
Thus to the Fleet they lead him ; and with him  
The Sword and Helmet bear ; (so bids the Prince)  
And to *Entellus* leave the Wreath and Bull.

The conqu'ring Hero, flush'd with good Success, 590  
And proud of his Reward, cries out aloud,  
“ Mark, Goddess-born, and all ye *Trojans*, mark  
“ What Force my Youth could boast, and from  
what Fate  
“ You've rescu'd *Dares*. Saying thus, he stood  
Before the Bullock's Front, his Valour's Prize ; 595  
And drawing back his strong right Hand, he  
poiz'd  
The pond'rous *Cestus* just between it's Horns ;  
Which broke the Skull in Pieces, dash'd its  
Brains,  
And laid the Bull stone-dead upon the Ground :  
Then o'er the breathless Carcass thus he spake : 600  
“ This better Victim, *Eryx*, in Exchange  
“ For *Dares* fav'd, I pay ; and quit henceforth,  
“ With Conquest crown'd, my *Cestus* and my Skill,  
And now the Prince invites them to contend  
(Whoever please) in Archery ; and names 605  
The several Prizes. From *Serestus*'s Bark  
A strong Main-mast by num'rous Hands is rear'd ;  
From whose aspiring Top a flutt'ring Dove  
Hangs by a slender Twine, their destin'd Mark.

610 The Rivals stand together, and their Lots  
Within a brazen Helmet shake ; from whence  
*Hippocoon* the Son of *Hirtacus*  
Is drawn the first, with Shouts of loud Applause :  
*Mnestheus* the next, who in the naval Race  
615 O'ercame before, and on his manly Brow  
The Wreath of Conquest wore : The Third *Eurytion*,  
Brother to noble *Pandarus*, who first  
Amongst the Greeks his pointed Arrow sent,  
As *Pallas* gave Command, and broke the Truce ;  
620 The last, and in the Helmet's Bottom hid,  
Was old *Acestes* ; who, in Age advanc'd,  
Durst vig'rously attempt the Toils of Youth.  
Now with strong Arms each bends his stubborn  
Bow,  
And from his Quiver draws the feather'd Shaft.  
625 Then first an Arrow from the twanging String  
Of young *Hyrtacides*, cuts thro' the Air  
That moves less swiftly ; on it flies, and hits  
The high-erected Mast, and fixes there ;  
The Mast stood trembling, and th' affrighted Bird  
Clatter'd

Clatter'd it's quiv'ring Wings; whilst all around  
Th' assembled Crowd with Shouts applaud the  
Shot.

Next sprightly *Mnestheus*, with his Bow full bent  
Aims upwards at the Mark, directing thither  
His Eyes and Arrow; and altho' he miss'd  
Unluckily the Bird, the Twine he broke,

By which it's Leg was fast'ned to the Mast;  
That swiftly cuts the Air, and soars aloft.

*Eurytion* then, who for some Time had kept  
His Bow full bent, his Arrow ready notch'd,  
Invoking first his Brother, took his Aim;

And as she flew at large, and clapp'd her Wings,  
Transfix'd the Dove beneath a Sable Cloud:

Down to the Ground it falls, and leaves it's Life  
In Air and starry Skies; and with it brings

The Shaft that pierc'd it. Old *Acestes* now  
Alone remains, the Prize already lost:

He, to display his matchless Skill, and shew  
The Goodness of his sounding Bow, lets fly  
An Arrow in the Air; when strait appear'd

650 A wonderful Portent, of dire Presage, i  
And vast Importance in th' Event; whose Mean-  
ing  
Ill-boding Prophets found, but found too late: M  
For as the Arrow flew, it kindled; mark'd  
A flaming Track, consuming by Degrees,  
655 And vanish'd into Air: So falling Stars b  
Shoot from their Stations; so a Comet moves  
Dragging its fiery Train: Amazement seiz'd  
Both *Trojans* and *Sicilians*; jointly both  
Implore the Heav'nly Powers: Nor did the Prince  
660 Reject the Omen; but with Signs of Joy  
Embrac'd *Acestes*, loaded him with Presents,  
And thus bespake him: "Venerable Sire,  
" Accept, (for so the King of Gods designs,  
" By this Presage to grace your matchless Skill  
665 " Beyond the common Rate) accept this Gift  
" Of old *Ancbises*; a capacious Bowl  
" Emboss'd with Figures; which the *Thracian*  
" King  
" Presented to my Father, as a Pledge  
" And Token of his Love. He said, and strait

About his Temples bound a Laurel Wreath, 670

And him the Conqueror nam'd. Nor at this Grace

Repin'd the good *Eurytion*, or oppos'd

Th' unenvy'd Pres'rence; tho' 'twas he that shot  
The flying Bird, and brought her to the Ground.

The second Prize was his who broke the Twine; 675

And he that hit the Mast receiv'd the last.

But now the Prince, before the Games con-  
clude,

Calls forth *Epitydes*, the Gouvernour

And kind Companion of the young *Iulus*;

And thus he whispers in his faithful Ear. 680

“ Make haste, and tell *Ascanius*, if his Troop

“ Of noble Youths be ready, and his Horse

“ Instructed in their Movements; let him lead,

“ To pay due Honour to his Gransire's Shade, A

“ The Youngsters up, and shew himself in Arms. 685

He spake, and order'd all the thronging Crowd

To quit the Lists, and leave the Passage free. IW

The Youths march in, and in their Parent's Sight

On

On manag'd Horses make a gallant Shew :  
690 Whilst *Trojans* and *Sicilians* as they pass,  
Admiring, murmur out their just Applause.  
Each wears upon his Head a leafy Wreath,  
Each bears two Jav'lins arm'd with pointed Steel;  
Some polish'd Quivers o'er their Shoulders hang,  
695 Fasten'd with Twists of Gold, which from the  
Neck  
Down to the Breast descend. Three sev'ral Troops  
Move under three Commanders ; twelve in each  
Form diff'rent shining Squadrons, all led on  
By diff'rent Captains. One, young *Priam* heads  
700 His Grand-sire's Name-sake ; thy illustrious Son  
*Polites*, born to stock *Italian* Realms :  
His Horse a dappled *Thracian*, with white Spots  
Two white Fore-feet, and on his lofty Front  
A Star of Silver. *Atys* leads the next,  
705 From whom descends the *Latine Attian* Race ;  
A Youth, and join'd in Bonds of youthful Love  
With young *Ascanius*. He commands the last,  
In beauteous Form excelling all the rest ;

Borne on a *Tyrian* Steed, Queen *Dido*'s Gift,  
The Pledge and Token of her tender Love.    710  
*Sicilian* Nags the others all bestride,  
The Care of old *Acestes*. With loud Shouts  
The *Trojans* re-assure the bashful Youths,  
With Pleasure on them gaze, and in them trace  
The Features of their Parents. Round they ride,    715  
And all th' Assembly and their Friends salute.  
*Epitydes* then gives th' expected Sign,  
Shouting aloud, and smacking with his Whip,  
First altogether run; the Captains then  
Make three distinct Brigades; now back they ride,    720  
(The Signal heard) and shake their little Spears:  
Strait Front to Front they charge, and then re-  
treat;  
Confus'dly then they mix their wheeling Troops,  
And act the just Resemblance of a Fight:  
In hasty Flight they now their Backs expose,    725  
Their Jav'lins brandish now with seeming Rage;  
Now Peace is made, and all the Troops unite.  
And as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,

Within

Within its dark Enclosures, did contain

730 A thousand winding Paths and puzzling Ways;

In which no Marks could guide the follow'r,  
through

The secret and inextricable Maze :

So did the *Trojan* Youths perplex and cross  
Each other's Track, and fly and fight in jest.

735 Thus active *Dolphins* in the Ocean sport,  
And cut the *Lybian* or *Carpathian* Waves.

This Sort of Exercise, these warlike Games,  
*Ascanius* first to antient *Latines* taught,

When he *Long Alba* compass'd round with Walls:

740 What he, a Youth, with *Trojan* Youths perform'd

: *Th'Albanians* taught their Sons to act again :

These Sports from them Imperial *Rome* deriv'd,

And solemniz'd as her Paternal Games,

Stiling such Youths the *Trojan* Band, or *Troy*.

745 Thus far the Sports successfully went on

To grace *Anchoris*' Shade ; but Fortune now

Changes the Scene, and breaks her former Faith

For whilst with solemn Duty they perform  
These fun'ral Rites ; *Saturnian Juno* sends  
Vis from Heav'n down to the *Trojan* Fleet ; 750  
Commands the Winds to waft her, and prepares  
Fresh Mischiefs, still resenting antient Wrongs :  
She swiftly takes the shortest Cut unseen,  
And leaves her party-colour'd Bow behind :  
She sees the vast Assembly, views the Shew, 755  
The empty Harbour, and forsaken Ships ;  
For on the barren Sands the *Trojan* Dames  
At Distance mourn'd in private, and bemoan'd  
The lost *Anchises* ; on the boundless Main  
They fix'd their weeping Eyes : " Alas ! they 760  
cry,  
How many Seas, with former Wand'rings tir'd,  
What Shelves and Shallows have we yet to  
" pass !  
They pray for settled dwellings, and abhor  
The Thoughts of tedious Voyages to come.  
With these she mixes, bent on ill Designs, 765  
And drops her heav'nly Robes and Godlike Form ;  
Then takes the rev'rend Shape of *Beroë*,

*Doryclus*

Doryclus the *Ismarian's* aged Wife,

Once great in Birth, and Fame, and num'rous  
Race :

770 And thus the *Trojan* Matrons she bespeaks :

“ Unhappy Neighbours ! whom the *Græcian* Bands

“ Beneath your Country’s Walls unkindly spar’d !

“ Abandon’d Wretches ! to what dreadful End

“ Does Fate reserve you ? Now sev’n Years are  
“ past,

775 “ Since *Troy’s* Destruction ; whilst thro’ stormy  
“ Seas,

“ And various Lands, inhospitable Rocks

“ And Stars averse, we’ve held our wand’ring  
“ Course ;

“ And toss’d by Waves o’er all the boundless  
“ Main,

“ Have sought for *Italy*, which mocks our Search :

780 “ At length we’ve reach’d the Place where *Eryx*  
“ dwelt,

“ Our Prince’s Brother ; where our friendly Hoff

“ *Acestes* reigns : Then what should hinder now,

“ But that we Cities build, and settle here ?

“ Alas ! my Country ! and my Country-Gods !

785 “ Rescu’d in vain from hostile Troops ! Shall *Troy*

“ No more enjoy a Name ? Shall I no more

“ *Xanthus* !

“ Xanthus and Simois, Hector’s Rivers, see ?

“ Come then, my Friends, and whilst I lead you  
“ on,

“ Together let us burn this luckless Fleet :

“ Divine Cassandra in my Dream appear’d, 790,

“ Reach’d forth a burning Torch, and this advis’d ;

“ Be this your fix’d Abode instead of *Troy*.

“ And now th’ Occasion offers ; slight not then

“ These sacred Warnings ; see ! to *Neptune* rear’d

“ Four Altars stand ; the God inspires my mind, 795

“ And lends us Means to execute his Will !

She said, and from the Altar snatch’d a Brand,

Which with her lifted Hand she toss’d about,

And hurl’d it tow’rds the Skies : The *Trojan*  
Dames

Attentive and astonish’d stand ; whilst one 800

Amidst the Company, and eldest there,

*Pyrgo* by Name, of *Priam*’s num’rous Sons

The Royal Nurse, crys out, “ You see not there

“ Rhæteian *Beroë*, *Doryclus*’ Spouse ;

“ Observe the Tokens of Celestial Grace, 805

“ And mark her sparkling Eyes, her od’rous Breath,

Her

“ Her shining Face, sweet Voice, and Godlike  
Mien !

“ Just now from antient *Beroë* I came,

“ And left her sick; uneasly confin'd,

810 “ From paying Honour to *Archises*' Shade.

She spake, and stopp'd: For whilst the Dames of  
*Troy*

Began to view the Ships with evil Eyes;

Divided 'twixt the Love of present Ease

By settling there, and Hope of future Realms

815 By Fate assign'd; tow'rds Heav'n the Goddess soars

With level Wings, and on a wat'ry Cloud

Describes a glorious Rainbow as she flies.

Astonish'd at the Sight, and raving mad,

Loud Cries the Matrons raise, and snatch the  
Coals

820 That glow'd upon the Altars; some lay hold

On Brands, and leafy Branches, which they cast

To feed the Flames. The raging Fire devours

Without Control the Benches and the Oars,

And painted Cabins made of unctuous Fir.

825 The dreadful News, that all the Fleet's on Fire,

*Eumelus* carries to the Tomb and Cirque;

And

And they from thence perceive a dusky Cloud  
Of Smoak ascending, mix'd with fi'ry Sparks.  
And first *Ascanius*, as he briskly led  
His nimble Troop, with equal Vigour so 830  
On tow'rds the Tents he swiftly spurs; nor could  
His frighten'd Masters stop the gen'rous Youth:  
From far he cries, "What sudden Fury's this?  
"Unhappy Fellow-Suff'rers, what Design?  
"No Foes are here; This is no *Græcian* Fleet; 835  
"You burn your very Hopes; See! here am I,  
"Your own *Ascanius*. Saying thus, he took  
His Helmet off, with which adorn'd, he play'd  
War's Counterfeit, and threw it at their Feet.  
To him *Aeneas* and the *Trojan* Bands 840  
Together hasten, They, dispers'd by Fear,  
Run o'er the Shore to Woods, and private Caves  
Of hollow Rocks, asham'd of what they'd done,  
And hating ev'n the Light: with alter'd Minds  
Their Friends and Kindred they confess, and now 845  
No longer *Juno* rages in their Breasts.

But ne'ertheless with unabated Force  
The Flames rage on ; beneath the greener Oak  
The smo'ring Tow keeps in a ling'ring Fire,  
And vents a lazy Smoak : by slow Degrees  
It feeds upon the Planks, and spreads abroad  
It's secret burning thro' the whole Machine.  
In vain the Heroes all their Force apply,  
And empty Rivers to asswage it's Rage.  
The pious Prince tears off his gorgeous Robes,  
Lifts up his Hands, and calls for Help from Heav'n.  
" Almighty Jove, he cries, unless you hate  
" The Trojans to a Man ; unless resolv'd  
" To cast no pitying Eye on mortal Toils ;  
" Now deign to rescue from devouring Flames  
" Our Fleet, and save the poor Remains of Troy :  
" Or else, (for what remains ?) if I deserve  
" Your dreadful Bolt, here strike me dead, and shew  
" On me the Pow'r of your avenging Hand.  
Scarce had he spoke, when an unusual Storm

Impregnated

Impregnated with Rain began to roar, <sup>860</sup>  
And glaring Light'ning shook the Hills and Plains;  
From all the Parts of Heav'n a rattling Show'r  
Pours down apace, made black with *Southern Fogs*:  
It covers all the Decks; the half-burnt Oak <sup>870</sup>  
Drinks up the Moisture; 'till the lurking Fire  
Is quite extinguish'd, and th' endanger'd Ships  
Preserv'd from Ruin, with the Loss of Four,

But sage *Aeneas*, shock'd with this Mischance,  
Within his pensive Bosom to and fro <sup>875</sup>  
Revolv'd alternate Counsels; unresolv'd  
Whether 'twere best in *Sicily* to fix,  
Of *Fate's* Decrees unmindful; or pursue  
His destin'd Voyage to th' *Italian* Shore.  
The Rev'rend *Nautæ* then, by *Pallas* taught, <sup>880</sup>  
And deeply skill'd in her divining Art,  
Accosts him, and informs him what the Gods  
Denounc'd of Ill, and what the *Fates* ordain'd;  
And cheers him thus with comfortable Words.

88, " O Thou of Heav'ny Race, where'er the Fates  
" Lead on or drive us back, we must obey :  
" Whatever they decree, the only Way  
" To conquer our ill Fortune, is to bear it,  
" Here you've your Friend *Acestes*, one like you,

89, " By Birth a Trojan, and of Race divine ;  
" Consult with him, and take his kind Advice,  
" Leave those with him whose Ships are lost, and  
" those  
" Who seem regardless of the grand Design,  
" And your Concerns ; the Men o'erspent with  
" Age,

89, " And tim'rous Matrons weary'd out at Sea ;  
" Leave all the Weak or Fearful ; and agree  
" To let them here remain behind, and build  
" A City, by Consent *Acesta* nam'd.  
Mov'd by these Speeches of his antient Friend,

90, Whilst in his Mind he various Cares revolves,  
Night in her sable Carr obscures the Sky.  
And now the sacred Figure of his Sire  
Seems to descend from Heav'n, and speak these  
Words.  
" My Son, more dear to me whilst Life remain'd  
" Than

“ Than Life it self; my Son, enur'd to Toils, 905  
“ Troy's Fellow-Suff'rer! Hither am I come,  
“ By Jove's Command who quench'd your burn-  
“ ing Fleet,  
“ And your Distress from Heav'n with Pity views:  
“ The good Advice by *Nantes* giv'n pursue;  
“ The chosen Youth and stoutest of your Train 910  
“ Transport with you to *Italy*; for there  
“ You'll find a Nation fierce and roughly bred,  
“ To exercise your Arms; But first repair  
“ To *Pluto's* gloomy Court; and cross the *Lake*  
“ Of deep *Avernus*, my Embraces seek. 915  
“ I'm not imprison'd in the sad Abode  
“ Of wicked Ghosts, and melancholy Shades;  
“ But the delightful Company frequent  
“ Of righteous Souls, and in *Elysium* dwell.  
“ The Virgin *Sybil* thither shall direct 920  
“ Your prosp'rous Steps, the Gods be'ng first atton'd  
“ By Blood of sable Victims largely shed:  
“ There shall you learn the Fate of all your Race,  
“ And where your Walls must rise. But now fare-  
“ wel;

925 " The dewy Night has pass'd it's middle Course ;  
" The *Eastern* Planet rising, upwards drives  
" His panting Steeds ; I scent their hated Breath.  
He spake, and like a Vapour mix'd with Air.  
To whom the Prince ; " Ah ! whither, and from  
" whom  
930 " Mak'st thou such Hast ? What envious Pow' ;  
" contrives  
" So soon to snatch thee from my longing Arms ?  
This said, he stirs and wakes the flumb'ring Fire,  
Adores his Household Gods, and *Vesta*'s Shrine ;  
Brings sacred Cakes, and hallow'd Incense burns.  
935 Then all his Friends, *Acestes* first, he calls,  
And tells them *Jove*'s Command ; the sage Advice  
Of his dear Father, and his own Designs.  
All give without Delay their glad Consent,  
And kind *Acestes* readily complies.  
940 To the new Town the Matrons they consign,  
And those whom Glory could not bribe from  
Ease : The rest repair their Benches, and refit  
Their half-burnt Vessels, fix their Sails and Oars ;  
And shew what lively Courage can perform,

Tho' practis'd but by few. Mean while the Prince 945  
Marks out the City's Circuit with a Plow ;  
Allots their sev'ral Dwellings, and gives Names  
Of *Troy* and *Ilium* to the diff'rent Plans.  
His Country-man *Acestes* fees with Joy  
His Realm enlarg'd ; appoints the solemn Courts, 950  
Convenes the Fathers, and dispenses Laws.  
Then to *Idalian Venus*, on the Top  
Of Mountain *Eryx*, Neighbour to the Skies,  
A Temple's built, and to *Ancbises*' Tomb  
A Priest affix'd, and sacred spreading Grove. 955

Now nine whole Days in Feasts the *Trojans* spend,  
And sacred Incense on the Altars lay ;  
When strait the Sea was smooth'd with gentle  
Gales ;  
And frequent Breezes from the fav'ring *South*  
Invited them to sail : Then Floods of Tears 960  
O'er all the winding Shore were largely shed :  
The tedious Night and live-long Day they spend  
In strict Embraces : Ev'n the Matrons now,

And those who lately fear'd the rugged Main,  
965 It's dreadful Aspect and ungovern'd Rage,  
Beg Leave to go, and share the Wand'rer's Toils.  
Whom good *Æneas* cheers with friendly Words,  
And to *Acestes* weeping recommends,  
His Country-man and Kinsman: then commands  
970 To sacrifice due Victims; three young Steers  
To *Eryx*, to the Winds a female Lamb; or need  
And one by one the twisted Cables cuts.  
He, with a Wreath of verdant Laurel crown'd,  
Stands on the Prow, and grasps a massy Bowl;  
975 He throws the Entrails to the briny Waves,  
And pours the flowing Wine: a rising Gale  
Blows from the Poop, and drives them swiftly on:  
His chearful Mates with Emulation ply  
Their sturdy Oars, and brush the foaming Sea.

980 Mean while the *Cyprian* Queen oppres'd with  
Cares  
To *Neptune* goes, and sighing thus complains:  
“ Dread *Juno*'s Wrath, and her insatiate Rage,  
“ Which

“ Which spurns at *Jove's* Commands and *Fate's*  
“ Decrees,  
“ Great God of Seas, compel me to descend  
“ To low Entreaties: 'Tis not yet enough, 985  
“ That *Troy* and *Pbrygians* fell a Sacrifice  
“ To her unjust Revenge; their poor Remains  
“ Expos'd to all Distresses; but she still  
“ Pursues the woful Reliques (for what Cause  
“ She best can tell) of that unhappy State. 990  
“ Your self can witness, what a Storm of late  
“ She rais'd in *Libyan* Seas; the Skies and Waves  
“ Confounding, aided by *Aolian* Blasts,  
“ And daring to invade your wat'ry Realm:  
“ Ev'n now (I blush to name the horrid Crime!) 995  
“ She basely set the *Trojan* Matrons on  
“ To burn the Fleet; and that in part destroy'd,  
“ Compell'd them in a Stranger-Land to leave  
“ Their dear Companions. To conclude, I beg,  
“ That guarded by your Pow'r the *Trojan* Ships 1000  
“ May sail securely, and in Safety reach  
“ *Laurentian* *Tyber*; if I ask what's fit  
“ For

“ For you to grant, and *Fate* appoints that Place.

To her the Son of *Saturn*, who commands

1005 The vast unfathom'd Ocean, thus replies.

“ Goddess of Beauty, well may you expect

“ In my Dominions Aid, from whence you sprung;

“ And I've deserv'd your Trust, who oft have

“ quell'd

“ The Rage and Fury of the Seas and Skies:

1010 “ Nor has my Care been wanting to your Son

“ At Land, as *Simois* and *Xanthus* know.

“ When fierce *Achilles*, Tempest-like, pursu'd

“ *Troy*'s fainting Troops, and drove them to their

“ Walls;

“ Killing by thousands, 'till the Rivers groan'd,

1015 “ Choak'd up with Carcasses; and *Xanthus* stopp'd

“ Nor paid his usual Tribute to the Sea:

“ Then in a hollow Cloud from Death I snatch'd

“ The gen'rous Prince, who *Peleus*' Son oppos'd

“ With Gods averse, and with unequal Strength:

1020 “ Tho' then I wish'd to overturn the Walls

“ Of perjur'd *Troy*, which I my self had rear'd.

“ My Mind is still the same: Dispel your Fears,

1025

“ A

“ As you desire, he shall in Safety reach  
“ Th’ Avernian Harbour; and shall lose but One  
“ Of all his Number; him the Ocean claims; 1025  
“ And one devoted Head shall save the rest.  
When thus the Father of the wat’ry Race  
Had lull’d her Cares, and fill’d her Breast with  
Joy; He to his Chariot joins his Steeds, that champ  
The foaming Bit, and slackens all his Reins; 1050  
Then o’er the upmost Billows swiftly glides:  
The Waves subside beneath his thund’ring Wheels;  
The swelling Sea grows smooth; the Clouds dis-  
perse, And leave all Heav’n serene. A num’rous Train  
Of various Kinds attend him; monst’rous Whales; 1075  
The Troop of Rev’rend Glaucus; Ino’s Son,  
Palæmon; nimble Tritons; and the Crowd  
Which Phœbus governs: Thetis on the left  
Leads up the beauteous Sea-Nymphs; Melite,  
The Virgin Panopea, bright Nisaea, 1100  
Thalia, Spio, and Cymodoce.

And

And now the sage *Æneas*' thoughtful Breast  
Is sooth'd with welcome Joy ; he strait commands  
To rear the Masts, and fix the Yards and Sails :  
All Hands are soon at Work ; some stretch the  
1015 Shrowds,  
Some loose the straiten'd Sails to Right and Left,  
And to and fro direct the stiff'ning Yards.  
The Fleet sails on before a prosp'rous Wind ;  
Experienc'd *Palinurus* leads the Van,  
1050 The rest by Order bend their Course to him.  
And now the misty Night almost had reach'd  
It's middle Course ; dissolv'd in soft Repose  
The weary'd Seamen on the Benches lay,  
And slept upon their Oars : When down, from  
1085 Heav'n  
1055 The God of Sleep descending, drove away  
The thick'ning Vapours, and dispell'd the Shades,  
At *Palinurus* aiming, and to him,  
Tho' innocent, presenting fatal Dreams.  
High on the Poop the drowsy Pow'r sat down,  
1100 Resembling *Phorbas*, and bespake him thus.

" See,

“ See, Son of *Jasius*, of it self the Fleet  
“ Drives with the Tide, and Gales that gently  
“ blow ;  
“ You’ve now a Time for Rest ; recline your Head,  
“ And steal your weary’d Eyes from wakeful Toil ;  
“ I’ll take your Post a while and steer. To whom  
With Eyes half open *Palinurus* fays.  
“ Think you I’m now to learn the flatt’ring Face  
“ Of calm and quiet Seas ? What, shall I trust  
“ To this Appearance ? and expose my Prince  
“ To treach’rous Winds ? I, who so oft have found  
“ The Dangers that attend a smiling Sky ?  
Thus he reply’d ; and would not quit the Helm,  
But grasp’d it fast, and mark’d the guiding Stars.  
When strait the God o’er both his Temples shakes  
A Branch that had been dipp’d in *Lethe*’s Stream, 1075  
And fill’d with Slumbers from the *Stygian* Lake ;  
With which he seals up his unwilling Eyes.  
Scarce were his Limbs in Sleep’s soft Fetters bound,  
When leaning from above he throws him down,  
With him the Helm and part o’ th’ broken Poop : 1080

Amidst

Amidst the foaming Waves he headlong falls,  
And calls in vain upon his Mates to save him:

The God flies upwards thre' the yielding Air,

Howe'er the Fleet pursues it's destin'd Course,

Secure from Harm by *Neptune*'s promis'd Aid.

And now they all had reach'd the *Siren*'s Rocks;

A dang'rous Pass of old, and white with Bones

Of slaughter'd Strangers; where the murm'ring  
Waves

Dash on the monst'rous Stones, and loudly roar:

When first the Prince perceiv'd his tott'ring Bark

To want it's usual Pilot; and took Care

Thro' Night's dark Shades to guide the Ship him-  
self;

Lamenting much, and much disturb'd in Mind,  
At his lost Friend's Mischance. "Alas! he cries,

"Poor *Palinurus*, who too much rely'd

"On Seas and Skies, deceitfully serene,

"Must now lie naked on some foreign Shore!"

*The End of the FIFTH BOOK.*

Abisia.

NOTE



# NOTES UPON THE FIFTH BOOK.

Ver. 45.



Contains my Father's venerable Bones.] He tells us at the latter End of the third Book, that *Ancibises* dy'd at *Drepanum* in *Sicily*, of which Island *Acestes* was King.

Ver. 97. *His Mother's fragrant Myrtle.*] That Tree was sacred to *Venus*, the Mother of *Eneas*.

Ver. 305. Nereids, &c.] He gives an Account here of some of the Sea Divinities, and introduces them as favouring *Cloanthus*; we shall have a longer List of them at the latter End of this Book, where they make up the Train of *Neptune*.

Ver. 321. *The Royal Youth.*] *Ganymede.* Vide Notes on the first Book, Ver. 38.

Ver.

Ver. 362. Skill'd in Minerva's Arts.] She was the Patroness of all female Accomplishments, in Needle-Work, Embroidery, Knitting, &c.

Ver. 383. *Whom silent Fame consigns to dark Oblivion.] I think this answers the just Meaning of Quos fama obscur recondit.*

Ver. 455. *And round their manly Arm the Cestus bind.*  
This was a Sort of Gauntlet, made of Leather with Steel  
or Brass enclos'd in it, and fitted to the Arms of the  
Combatants; with which they assaulted each other, 'till  
one was tir'd or quite disabled.

Ver. 463. Contend with Paris.] *Paris* was famous for this Sort of Combat, and *Dares* was the only Man counted a Match for him; who afterwards (as it follows) overcame *Butes*, at the Games which were solemniz'd at *Hector*'s Tomb.

Ver. 513. Eryx your Brother.] The Son of Butes and Venus, half Brother to Æneas.

Ver. 617. *Pandarus.*] When an Agreement was made between the *Gracians* and *Trojans*, that the Dispute about *Helen* should be decided, in a Duel between *Pari* and *Menelaus*; the latter being likely to gain the Conquest, *Pallas* urg'd *Pandarus* to shoot an Arrow at *Menelaus*, by which he was wounded, and the Truce broken.

Ver. 652. *Ill-boding Prophets found, but found too late.*  
They were convinc'd of it's ill Presage by the Event  
which was the burning soon after of the *Trojan Ships.*

Ver. 941. *And those whom Glory could not bribe from Ease,* I have ventur'd to enlarge a little upon the Sense of the Original — *Animos nil magna laudis egentia;* but I think I have set the Sense of it in a true Light.

Ver. 946. Marks out the City's Circuit with a Plow.] The ancient Custom in describing the Limits of a City about to be built, was to mark it with a Plow; which was

lifted over the Places design'd for the Gates, from whence they were call'd *Porta à portando*, from carrying.

Ver. 1036. *The Troop of Rev'rend Glaucus, &c.]* This is an Enumeration of most of the Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, and Nymphs, that compose the Court of *Neptune*, God of the Seas.

2110 REN.

2111 ALEX.



I VIRGIL's



debt, and *Nymphe* that compose the Court of Neptune.

# VIRGIL'S

# AENEIS.

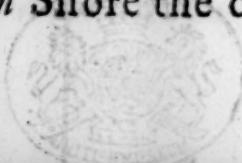
## BOOK the SIXTH.



EEPING he spake, and all his Sails un-  
furl'd,

To catch the courting Winds ; at  
length arriv'd

At Cumæ, seated on th' *Eubœan Coast*,  
To Land he plies, and there his Anchor drops,  
And spreads his Vessels on the winding Bay.  
Upon th' *Italian* Shore the chearful Youths



Leaf

## Book VI. AENEIS. 2

Leap out; and some explore the hidden Sparks  
Clos'd in the Veins of Flint; whilst others rob  
The savage Beasts of Trees, their safe Retreat;  
Or shew their Mates the new-discover'd Streams. 10

But good *Aeneas* to the Temple hast  
Of great *Apollo*; and the awful Seat  
Of Rev'rend *Sibyl*, a stupendous Cave;  
To whom inspiring *Phæbus* had assign'd  
A Soul capacious, fill'd with Fate to come. 15

And now they reach the Grove and Golden Fane  
Of chaste *Diana*: *Dædalus* (they say,)  
T' avoid the dang'rous Realms where *Minos*  
reign'd,  
Flew with swift Pinions tow'rds the freezing  
North; 20  
(A Way of Travelling unknown before;)  
And lighting here on the *Chalcidian* Tow'rs,  
The earl'est Place of Rest, his winged Oars  
To *Phæbus* offer'd, and vast Temples rais'd.  
Upon the Gates was carv'd th' untimely Death  
Of stout *Androgeos*, and the dreadful Tax 25  
Impos'd on *Athens*; bound each Year to pay

Sev'n of their hopeful Sons ; the Urn stood by  
That mark'd the destin'd Victims. T'other Side  
Contain'd the *Cretan* Isles, advanc'd on high

30 Above the prostrate Waves : and here they saw  
*Pasiphae*'s raging Passion, and her Art  
T' enjoy the much-lov'd Bull ; whose dire Effect,  
The *Minotaur*, stood by ; a double Kind,  
And two-form'd Birth, the Brand of monst'rous  
Lust.

35 The puzzling Lab'rinth here with various Turns  
Perplex'd the Wand'rer's Steps ; 'till *Dædalus*,  
Pitying the Passion of the Royal Maid,  
The Art and Windings of the Way disclos'd,  
Guiding her doubtful Motions by a Thread.

40 And thou, O *Icarus*, in such a Work  
Had'st been a noble Sharer ; had not Grief  
Prevented the Design : He twice assay'd,  
Thy dismal Fall to trace in burnish'd Gold ;  
Twice fell the Graver from the Father's Hand.

45 Whate'er was there their busy Eyes had view'd,  
But that *Achates*, who was sent before,

Arriving

## I. Book VI. AENEIS.

4

Arriving there, the Priestess with him brought  
Of *Phœbus* and *Diana*, *Glaucus'* Daughter  
*Deiphobe*; who thus accosts the Prince.

“The Time, Great Prince, no Leisure now affords 50  
“To feast your curious Eyes: 'twere better far  
“Due Off’rings to select; sev’n lusty Steers  
“Unbroken to the Yoke, as many Ewes  
“Pick’d from the fleecy Flock with usual Care.

Thus she bespake the Prince; and her Commands 55  
With Speed they all obey; whilst she, their Guide,  
The *Trojans* to the stately Dome invites.

A monst’rous Portion of the *Eubœan* Rock  
Was cut into a Cave; to which there led  
An hundred Avenues, an hundred Gates, 60  
From which in equal Numbers us’d to rush  
The *Sibyl’s* Answers. When they’d reach’d the  
Porch,  
The Virgin cries transported, “Now’s the Time  
“To know your Destiny; Behold! the God,  
“The God approaches! As she ent’ring spake, 65  
Her Visage chang’d, her Colour went and came,

Disorder'd was her Hair, her Bosom heav'd,  
Her Heart was swell'd with sacred Rage; she seem'd  
More tall, nor had her Voice a mortal Sound,  
70 Full of the God that revel'd in her Breast!

“ Delay’st thou, *Trojan* Prince, delay’st thou yet  
“ To pay thy Vows and Pray’rs? by which alone  
“ Thou canst obtain Adimission to the Gates  
“ Of *Pluto*’s awful Court? She said, and ceas’d.  
75 The *Trojan* Crowd was feiz’d with freezing Fear,  
Whilst thus the pious Prince devoutly pray’d.  
“ Immortal *Pbæbus*, who hast always view’d  
“ The suff’ring *Trojans* with auspicious Eyes;  
“ Thou who vouchsaf’d’st to guide the Dart and  
“ Hand  
80 “ Of *Dardan* *Paris*, to the fatal Heel  
“ Of fierce *Achilles*; I by thy Command  
“ Have sail’d thro’ various Seas, that compafs round  
“ The solid Land; have pass’d *Massylian* Realms  
“ That lye far distant, and the dang’rous Shores  
“ Of both the *Syrtes*: now at length we’ve gain’d  
85 “ Th’ *Italian* Coast, which seem’d to shun our  
“ Search;  
“ Pursu’d

VI. Book VI. AENEIS. 6

" Pursu'd thus far by Troy's unhappy Fate. bis 5  
" But now at least may all the heav'nly Pow'rs, W  
" Both Gods and Goddesses, averse to Troy, its qm  
" And jealous of it's Glory, deign to spare. m 9  
" The small surviving Race! and thou, O Maid, T  
" Rever'd for Knowledge of the Fates Decrees. ist  
" Grant, (for my destin'd Realms I only seek,) O  
" That on the Latian Shore my Friends and I brA  
" May fix the toss'd and wand'ring Gods of Troy. 95  
" Temples of solid Marble then I'll rear. ordt brA  
" To Phœbus and Diana; festal Days. noti O  
" Appointing for the God, and nam'd from him.  
" Nor shall due Care be wanting, to preserve,  
" Within a rich Apartment safely stow'd, 100  
" Your sacred Oracles, and mystick Verse SW  
" Relating to my Race; where choicest Wits. ba  
" Shall scan the hidden Sense. I only beg  
" You would not trust the weighty Lines to 105  
" Leaves; borbog Hisdunual  
" Lest loosely ruffled they should fly about brA  
" A Sport to Winds. I wait to hear my Doom. 110

He said no more: For now within the Cave  
With Gestures wild the swelling Priestess rav'd,  
Impatient of the God; who presses more,  
The more she strives and struggles to shake off  
The heav'nly Load; her foaming Mouth he tears,  
Tames her reluctant Breast, and all her Pow'rs  
O'er-mast'ring, bends her to his awful Will.  
And now the hundred Portals of the Dome,  
Immense, fly open of their own Accord,  
And thro' the Air her sacred Answers bring.  
" O thou, escap'd from various Toils by Sea,  
" At Land expect yet greater! Dardan's Race  
" Shall reach Italian Shores, but soon shall with  
" They had not reach'd them: Wars, destructive  
" Wars,  
" And Tyber's Banks o'erflow'd with streaming  
" Blood  
" I plainly see: No Want shall there be found  
" Of Xanthus, Simois, or Græcian Camps;  
" A new Achilles Latium shall produce,  
" And Goddess-born like him: Fierce Juno too  
" Shall still keep up her ancient Hate to Troy.

" How

“ How will Distress engage you to implore  
“ Assistance from the sever’l Nations round,  
“ And Towns of *Italy*! Once more, the Cause  
“ Of all these Ills shall be a Stranger-Bride, 130  
“ And foreign Nuptials! But go boldly on,  
“ And stem th’ opposing Torrent with a Port  
“ Superior to your Fortune! Can you think,  
“ (But know ’tis true,) your Dawn of good Success  
“ Should from a *Græcian* City first appear? 135  
Thus the *Cumæan Sibyl* from within  
Reveals the various Turns of winding Fate,  
And bellows in the Cave; disclosing Truths  
Obscurely, as the God that rules her Breast,  
Or holds the curbing Reins, or goads her on. 140  
No sooner her wild Rage, and foaming Mouth,  
Compos’d and silent grew; when thus began  
The *Trojan* Heroe. “ Nothing new or strange  
“ Appears, O Virgin, in this Scene of Fate  
“ To me forewarn’d, and well prepar’d for All. 145  
“ One Thing I beg: Since here’s the awful Gate  
“ Of

“ Of Plut’s Realms, where Acheron (tis said) H  
“ O’erflows the foggy Marsh; permit that IIA  
“ Once more enjoy my much lov’d Father’s Sight:  
150 “ Instruct me in my Journey, and unlock His 30 “  
“ The hallow’d Doors: Him from the midst of  
“ Foes  
“ Thro’ Flames and Swords I on these Shoulders  
“ bore; 310 “ Sibyl of your Fortune! Can you  
“ My kind Companion He, thro’ all the Main,  
“ Weak as he was, sustain’d the joint Assault  
155 “ Of Seas and Skies, beyond the common Lot  
“ And Vigour of old Age: At his Desire,  
“ And strict Command, to your Abode I come,  
“ And humbly beg this Favour. Sacred Maid,  
“ Oblige us both, for boundless is your Pow’r;  
160 “ Nor has the awful Queen of Shades in vain  
“ Made you the Guardian of th’ Avernian Grove,  
“ If Orpheus could recall his Wife from Hell,  
“ With Notes of Thracian Lyre and tuneful  
“ Strings:  
165 “ If Pollux could his Brother half redeem,  
“ And take his Turn of dying; passing oft  
“ Along the gloomy Regions to and fro:

“ (For

“ (For why should I of *Theseus* speak, or name) ”  
“ The great *Alcides*?) my Descent from *Jove* ”  
“ Gives me a Claim equal at least to theirs. ”  
Thus pray’d the Heroe, and embrac’d the Shrine: 179  
To whom the Priestess thus; “ O *Trajan Prince*, ”  
“ Sprung from *Anchor*, but of Race Divine, ”  
“ ’Tis easy to descend to *Pluto’s Gates*, ”  
“ Which always open stand both Night and Day; ”  
“ But to return from thence, and breath again ” 175  
“ This upper Air, there, there’s the Pains and Toil!  
“ And few whom righteous *Jove* has justly lov’d,  
“ Whom Virtue has exalted to the Skies,  
“ Tho’ heav’ly born, this Privilege have gain’d.  
“ Thick Woods o’erspread the Midland, all around ” 180  
“ *Cocytus* hems them in with fable Streams.  
“ But if you’re fully bent, your Purpose fix’d,  
“ To cross the *Stygian* River twice, and twice  
“ To view th’ infernal Shades; if you resolute  
“ At any Rate t’ effect your rash Design; ” 185  
“ Learn what must first be done: A Branch there  
“ is, ”  
“ Whose

“ Whose slender Twig and Leaves are all of Gold,  
“ Sacred to *Proserpine*; it closely grows  
“ Within a bushy Tree, on ev’ry Side  
190 “ Surrounded by a Grove, and hid from Sight  
“ Within a gloomy Vale o’ercast with Shades.  
“ Before ’tis lawful for you to explore  
“ The mystick Secrets of the under World,  
“ This from the Mother-Plant must first be cropp’d,  
195 “ A Bribe to beauteous *Proserpine*; for so  
“ Th’ infernal Queen ordains! When one’s broke  
“ off  
“ Another strait starts up, no Want appears,  
“ On a fresh Branch the pretious Metal shines:  
“ Look upwards as you seek it, and when found  
200 “ Take hold and snap it off; for of it self  
“ ’Twill freely with your gentlest Touch comply,  
“ If Fate direct your Course; if not, ’twill mock  
“ Your utmost Strength, and Strokes of hardest  
“ Steel.  
“ But know besides, (alas! you know not yet!)  
205 “ The breathless Body of your faithful Friend  
“ Lies on the Shore expos’d, whose timeless Death  
“ Thro’

# Book VI. AENEIS. 12

" Thro' all your Fleet a gen'ral Sorrow spreads.  
" Whilst here you wait t' enquire the *Fates* De-  
" crees,  
" First lay th' unbury'd Corpse in Mother Earth;  
" Then to the Altar drag two sable Ewes; 210  
" With these begin your sacred Off'rings; so  
" Shall you the *Stygian* Groves securely see,  
" Conceal'd from Mortal View. She said, and  
ceas'd.  
The Prince with down-cast Eyes and mournful  
Look 215  
Moves slowly from the Cave, and in his Mind  
Revolves the dark Events: his faithful Friend  
*Achates* with him walks, and shares his Griefs.  
As they together talk on various Themes,  
As, what kind Friend the Priestess meant, what  
Corpse  
That wanted Burial; on the Sandy Shore 220  
They spy *Misenus*, undeserv'dly slain;  
*Misenus*, Son of *Aeolus*, who best  
Could warlike Spirits with his Trumpet rowze,  
And kindle with shrill Notes the Flames of War.  
*Hector*'s Companion once, with whom he us'd 225

To

To found the brazen Trump, and wield the Spear;  
When by Achilles' Hand the Heroe fell  
The noble Warriour chose to share the Fate  
Of Prince *Æneas*, Troy's surviving Hope,  
230 All meaner Posts disdaining. Rashly He  
Challeng'd the lift'ning Gods to match his Skill,  
Whilst o'er the Sea his hollow Tube resounds:  
Till *Triton*, mov'd with Jealousy and Rage,  
O'erwhelm'd his Rival in the foaming Waves,  
235 And dash'd him on the Rocks. Around him now  
The *Trojans* mourn, and rend the Air with Cries;  
But most the pious Prince. Without Delay,  
They all prepare to execute in Haste  
The *Sibyl's* Orders, weeping; and to rear  
240 A fun'ral Pile of Wood to brave the Skies.  
On to an antient Forest now they move,  
The lofty safe Retreat of savage Beasts:  
Down falls the oily Pitch-Tree, down the Holm  
That groans beneath the Axe; the beauteous Ash,  
245 And stately Oaks by Help of Wedges cleft;

oT

With

# Book VI. ÆNEIS. 14

With Mountain Firs of Bulk immense, which down  
The steep Descent they roll. The pious Prince  
In Person aids their Labour, heads their Ranks,  
Exhorts his Mates, and shares in all their Toils.  
Whilst on this dire Mischance he fadly thinks,<sup>250</sup>  
His Eyes fix'd firmly on the boundless Wood,  
This Pray'r he utters. "O! could I perceive  
" Among these spreading Shades the Golden  
" Branch! <sup>255</sup>  
" As plainly as the Prophetess declar'd  
" *Misenus' Fate!* Alas! too truly told!  
Scarce had he spoke, when strait within his View,  
A Pair of Doves descending from on high,  
Pitch'd on the grassy Plain: his Mother's Birds.  
The joyful Prince confesses, and cries out,  
" Be you my Guides, if you the Way can shew,<sup>260</sup>  
" And to those Groves direct your airy Course,  
" Where the rich Bough o'ershades the fertile Soil:  
" And Thou, O Goddess-Mother! in this Plunge  
" Impart thy needful Aid! He spake, and watch'd  
What Signs they'd give, and whither wing their  
Way;<sup>265</sup>

They

They seem'd to feed, and only flew so far  
As he might trace and keep them still in Sight:  
At length arriving near the noisome Steam  
Of black *Avernus*, lightly up they spring;  
270 Then gently gliding down thro' liquid Air,  
Perch on a double Tree, the Place desir'd;  
From whence the Brightness of the clouded Gold  
Shone faintly thro' the Boughs: as Mistletoe  
Is wont in Winter Woods to flourish fresh  
275 With recent Leaves, not borrow'd from the Stock,  
And round the Branches twine it's yellow Twigs:  
Such was th' Appearance of the Golden Bough,  
Seen thro' the shady Oak; so look'd the Leaves,  
Like thin Gold Plates; so crackled in the Wind.  
280 *Æneas* seiz'd and cropp'd the shining Branch,  
Which slowly follow'd his impatient Hand;  
And to the *Sibyl's* Cave bore off the Prize.  
Mean while th' assembled *Trojans* on the Shore  
Bewail *Misenus*, and last Duties pay

# Book VI. AENEIS. 16

To his unhappy Ashes : First they rear 285  
A stately fun'ral Pile, of Torches fram'd  
And Oaken Splinters fit to feed the Flames :  
The Sides are round, bedeck'd with with'ring  
Boughs ;  
Just in the Front the mournful Cypress stands,  
And on the Top his warlike Weapons shine. 290  
Some with warm Water wash the stiffen'd Corpse,  
And supple it with Oil ; while solemn Groans  
Run thro' the whole Assembly : On a Bed  
The much-lamented Body then they lay,  
Cover'd with purple Robes, his usual Dress : 295  
Some on their Shoulders raise the weighty Bier,  
A melancholy Office ; and apply  
The Torch beneath (as antient Custom bids)  
With Eyes averse : The rising Fire consumes  
The offer'd Frankincense, the Victims Fat, 300  
And Vessels fill'd with Oyl. And now when all  
Was turn'd to Ashes, and the Flame extinct,  
With Wine they wash'd his dear Remains, and  
quench'd  
The thirsty Coals ; then in a brazen Urn

305 His Bones collected *Chorinaeus* stows ;  
And thrice besprinkles his assisting Friends,  
With Branches from the fruitful Olive cropp'd,  
And dipp'd in cleansing Water ; thus he makes  
Lustrations due, and gives the last Farewel.

310 To him the Prince a lofty Tomb erects,  
Adorn'd with Arms, a Trumpet, and an Oar,  
Beneath a tow'ring Mountain ; which from him  
*Misenus* call'd, preserves his lasting Name.  
These Rites perform'd, he then prepares with  
Speed

315 To execute the *Sibyl*'s dread Commands.  
A Cave there was of wond'rous Depth and Space,  
That widely gap'd within the hollow Rock,  
Surrounded with black Streams and shady Groves,  
O'er which no Bird of strongest Wing could fly,

320 So dire a Stench from out it's smoaky Jaws  
Ascended up on high ; from whence the Place  
Was in the *Græcian* Style *Avernus* nam'd.  
Hither the pious Prince commands to bring  
Four young black Bullocks ; on whose sable Head

The Sacrificer pours the hallow'd Wine: 325

Then cropping from 'between their spreading  
Horns

The topmost Hairs, he on the sacred Flame

Throws them the first Libations; and invokes

Pale *Hecate*, that aws both Heav'n and Hell:

Others apply the fatal Knife, and catch 330

The steaming Blood in Platters; whilst the Prince

Kills with his naked Sword a Coal-black Lamb,

The *Furies* Off'ring and their Sister *Night's*;

And thine, dread *Proserpine*, a barren Cow:

Then Midnight Altars to the *Stygian King* 335

He rears; and on them lays of stately Bulls

The Carcasses entire; and precious Oyl

Pours on the smoaking Entrails. When, behold!

Just as the rising Sun disclos'd his Beams,

The Earth beneath us groan'd, the Mountains  
shook

With all their spreading Woods; and Bitches  
howl'd

Throughout the Shades, Fore-runners of the God-  
defs!

"Hence, ye Profane, the *Sibyl* cries aloud,

“ Hence from the Grove ! and thou, *Æneas*, now  
 345 “ Begin thy Journey, and unsheathe thy Sword !  
 “ Now, now th’ Occasion’s offer’d, to display  
 “ Thy manly Courage and undaunted Mind !  
 She said no more ; but wildly rushes through  
 The gaping Cave ; and he with hasty Steps  
 350 Pursues his sacred Leader, void of Fear.

“ Ye Gods that rule the Dead, ye silent Shades,  
 “ Thou *Chaos*, and thou *Pblegethon*, whose Seats  
 “ Are hid by silent Night ; what I have learnt  
 “ Permit me to reveal ; and bring to Light  
 “ Things wrapp’d in Darkness in the Womb of  
 355 “ Earth !

They dimly wander’d in the Shades of Night,  
 Through Hell’s void Mansions and it’s empty  
 Realms :  
 Such was their glimm’ring Light, as when the  
 Moon  
 Shines faintly through thick Trees ; when *Jove*  
 obscures  
 360 The Heav’n with Shades, and Colours nightly fade.

Before

Before the Threshold, in the Mouth of Hell,  
Grief and avenging Cares had fix'd their Seats,  
With pale Diseases, and morose old Age ;  
Fear, desp'rate Hunger, and lean Poverty  
Despis'd by all, Spectres of dreadful Forms ; 365  
And Death, and Labour, and Death's Kinsman  
Sleep,  
And treach'rous Joys that cheat deluded Minds.  
O' t'other Side appear'd destructive War,  
The *Furies* Iron Beds, and *Discord* wild,  
Her vip'rous Hair with bloody Fillets ty'd. 370  
Just in the midst a vast and shady Elm  
Spreads forth its antient Branches ; where fond  
Dreams  
Are said to rest, and hang on ev'ry Leaf.  
Besides, the Entrance various Monsters fill,  
*Centaurs*, and *Scylla*'s, both of double Kind, 375  
And stern *Briareus* with his hundred Hands ;  
The sev'nfold Beast of *Lerna* next, that fills  
The Air with horrid Screamings ; and hard by  
*Chimæra* arm'd with Flames ; then *Gorgon* Heads,  
Dire *Harpyes*, and *Geryon*'s triple Shade. 380

Æneas here, with sudden Fear surpriz'd,  
Draws forth his Sword, and the sharp Point di-  
rects  
Against th' approaching Spectres; and, unless  
His wise Companion had inform'd him right,  
385 That these were airy Forms, which flutter'd round  
In unsubstantial Shapes, had on them rush'd,  
And with his Sword attack'd the empty Shades.  
To Acheron's infernal Streams from hence  
The Road leads down; where widely gaping roars  
590 A boiling Whirlpool, raising up the Mud,  
And casting on Cocyte Dirt and Sand.  
Charon the dreadful Ferry-man waits here,  
And guards the wat'ry Passage; rough his Looks,  
With hoary clotted Beard and fiery Eyes:  
395 A sordid Garment o'er his Shoulders hung,  
Is fasten'd by a Knot: He shoves the Boat  
Obedient to his Pole, or trims the Sails,  
And in his sable Wherry wafts the Shades:  
His Looks confess old Age, but fresh and green,  
400 Such as befits a God. The Crowd of Souls

I. Book VI. ÆNEIS. 22

Rush hither to the Bank ; Matrons and Men,  
Souls of departed Heroes, tender Boys,  
Maids ripe for Wedlock Joys, and hopeful Youths  
Untimely bury'd in their Parents Sight :  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves, that strew the Woods 405  
At Winter's first Approach ; or thick as Fowls,  
That fly from Sea to Land, when pinching Cold  
Compels their num'rous Troops to cross the Deep,  
And seek some warmer Climate. On the Beach  
They stood, entreating for the earliest Turn, 410  
With out-stretch'd Arms, fond of the farther  
Shore.  
Now these, now those, the surly Boat-man takes,  
And others from the Bank morosely drives.  
The Prince amaz'd, and startled at the Rout,  
Bespeaks the *Sibyl* ; " Tell me, sacred Maid, 415  
" What means this vast Resort ? What would the  
" Shades  
" That throng the River-Side ? Or what's the  
" Cause,  
" That some pass o'er, and some remain behind ?  
To whom the antient Prophetess replies ;  
" Son of *Anchises*, Offspring of the Gods, 420  
" You

“ You now behold *Cocytus*’ sullen Flood,

“ And *Stygian Lakes*, by whose tremendous Name

“ When Gods have sworn, they dare not break  
“ their Oath :

“ Those whom you see are poor unbury’d Crowds,

425 “ The Ferry-man is *Charon* : Those he wafts

“ Have had their fun’ral Rites ; for *Fate* forbids

“ To touch those dreaded Banks, by passing o’er

“ The murmur’ring Flood, ’till safely rest their  
“ Bones :

“ An hundred Years they wander round these  
“ Shores,

430 “ Admitted then to cross the wish’d-for Stream,

Æneas stopp’d, o’erwhelm’d with various Thoughts,  
And much regretting their unhappy State.

*Leucaspis* and *Orontes* there he view’d,

This the great Leader of the *Lycian* Fleet ;

435 Poor pensive Shades, of fun’ral Dues bereft :

Whom he from *Troy* thro’ stormy Seas had led,

’Till rough South Winds destroy’d their Ship  
and them.

Amongst them *Palinurus* sadly moves ;

Who on the Stars intent, in *Libyan* Seas,

Fell

Fell from the Poop, and midst the Waves was lost: 440  
The Prince observ'd his discontented Air,  
Amidst the Crowd of Shades, and thus bespake  
him.  
"By what malignant Pow'r wert thou, my Friend,  
"Snatch'd from thy Post, and plung'd into the  
"Deep?  
"Speak and inform me; for the *Delian* God, 445  
"In all Things else approv'd, in this alone  
"Deceiv'd my Hopes; foretelling you should fail  
"Secure, and safely reach *Ausonian* Shores;  
"And is it thus he makes his Promise good?  
He strait replies. "Forbear to blame the God, 450  
"Anchises' Son, who from his sacred Shrine  
"Has told you all Things right: No Heav'nly  
"Pow'r  
"Immers'd me in the Sea; 'twas I my self  
"That headlong tumbled in, and with my Weight  
"Tore down the Rudder which I held and rul'd. 455  
"By *Neptune* and his stormy Realms I swear,  
"Forgetful of my self, my chief Concern  
"Was left your Ship, the Helm and Pilot lost,  
"Should founder in those swelling Waves and sink!  
" Three

“ Three Winter Nights the boist’rous Southern  
460 “ Blasts  
“ Kept me above the Flood, and drove me on;  
“ Scarce on the fourth Day’s Dawn could I descry  
“ The Land beneath me from the rising Main,  
“ The Coast of *Italy*; to which I swam  
465 “ By slow Degrees, and safely reach’d the Shore:  
“ But strait the cruel Natives on me fell,  
“ Weigh’d down with dripping Garments, and  
“ constrain’d  
“ Both Hands to fasten on a craggy Rock:  
“ Backwards I dropp’d; the Sea and stormy Winds  
470 “ O’erwhelm’d and dash’d me on the neighb’ring  
“ Strand.  
“ But thee, undaunted Warriour, I conjure,  
“ By Heav’n’s reviving Light, refreshing Air,  
“ Your sacred Sire deceas’d, and hopeful Son,  
“ Redeem me, (for you can) from this Distrefs:  
475 “ Return to *Velia*, and inter me there;  
“ Or if your Goddess-Mother has reveal’d  
“ Some other Means, (for sure you’ld not attemp  
“ To pass these Rivers, and the *Stygian* Lake,  
“ Without assisting Gods) your friendly Hand  
“ Stretch

“ Stretch forth, and take me with you cross the 480  
“ Stream,  
“ That I at least may find Repose in Death,  
He ceas’d; the *Sibyl* warmly thus replies.  
“ How durst you, *Palinurus*, entertain  
“ So fond a Wish? Would you unbury’d view  
“ The *Stygian* Flood, the Furies dreadful Haunt; 485  
“ Or pass unlicens’d to the farther Shore?  
“ In vain you hope with ineffectual Pray’rs  
“ To change the firm Decrees of Fate and Heav’n:  
“ But mark my Words, and let them calm your  
“ Grief:  
“ These cruel Bord’rers, thro’ their spatiuous Towns 490  
“ By Heav’nly Prodigies alarm’d, shall seek  
“ Your injur’d Bones; and to attone their Wrongs  
“ Shall build a Tomb, shall settle solemn Rites,  
“ And call the Place by your immortal Name.  
At these kind Words he feels his Cares remov’d, 495  
His sad Heart eas’d, proud of his Name-sake Land.

They onwards move, and near the Stream ar-  
rive:  
Whom when the Boat-man from the *Stygian* Lake  
Perceiv’d

Perceiv'd to pass the silent Wood, and bend  
Their Footsteps tow'rds the Bank, with chiding  
500 Words  
He thus accosts them first : " Whoe'er thou art,  
" That to my wat'ry Province mov'st in Arms,  
" Say why thou com'st ; stand still, nor dare in-  
" vade  
174 " This Seat of Shades and Sleep and drowzy Night,  
505 " The Stygian Boat no living Wight receives,  
" Against my Will I brought *Alcides* o'er,  
" And *Theseus* and *Perithous* ; tho' all  
" Of Race divine, for matchless Courage fam'd :  
" The first Hell's Porter chain'd by Force of Arms,  
" And dragg'd him trembling from th' infernal  
510 " Throne ;  
" The others strove to ravish from our King  
" The Partner of his Bed. He frowning ceas'd.  
Apollo's Priestess briefly thus replies.  
" Dismiss your Fears ; we bring no ill Designs,  
515 " Nor threaten Force : the triple-headed Dog  
" May in his Den securely rest, and fright  
" With constant barking the unbody'd Shades :  
" And beauteous *Proserpine* may chastly share  
" Her

“ Her Uncles Bed in Peace. The Prince of *Troy*,  
“ *Æneas*, fam’d for Piety and Arms, 520  
“ Descends to Hell’s dark Realms to see his Sire :  
“ If an Intent so pious fails to move  
“ Your stubborn Breast, behold this precious Bough !  
She said, and from beneath her Garment drew 525  
The Golden Branch. His Anger strait was calm’d ;  
He makes no Answer, but with Wonder views  
The awful Present of the fatal Sprig ;  
And brings his fable Vessel tow’rds the Shore.  
Now from each Bench he drives the thronging  
Shades, 530  
And clears the Deck ; then in his hollow Bark  
Receives the Great *Æneas* ; under whom  
The creaking Wherry groans, and op’ning wide  
It’s gaping Leaks, takes in the miry Flood.  
At length o’ t’other Side he safely lands 535  
The *Trojan* Heroe, and his sacred Guide,  
Amidst the filthy Mud and wither’d Weeds.  
Thro’ all these Realms vast *Cerberus* resounds  
With threefold Barkings, couchant in his Den

Just

540 Just o'er against them ; when the *Sibyl* saw  
The dreadful Serpents bristling round his Neck ;  
A Cake she threw him, steep'd in slimy Juice  
Of Honey, mix'd with Grain prepar'd with Art :  
He, op'ning wide his rav'ous triple Throat,  
545 Gorges the Morsel ; strait his monst'rous Limbs  
Fail to support him, to the Ground he falls,  
And stretch'd at length within his Kennel lies.  
Hell's Porter thus secur'd, the *Trojan* Prince  
Seizes the Passage, and with nimble Steps  
550 Forsakes that River's Bank whence none return.  
Strange Voices and sad Wailings strait he hears,  
Of Infant Souls that in the Portal wept ;  
By cruel Fate snatch'd early from the Womb  
And Hope of Life, to an untimely Grave.  
555 Not far from these the injur'd Souls reside  
Of Innocents unjustly doom'd to die ;  
Nor ev'n to them are these Abodes assign'd,  
Without a Judge and Tryal : *Minos* here  
Sits Grand Inquisitor, and shakes the Urn :

He summons to his Court the silent Shades, 560

And scans their Lives, and marks their sev'ral Crimes.

The neighb'ring Plains are fill'd with mourning Ghosts

Of such as slew themselves; and, sick of Life, Profusely threw away their guiltless Souls:

How gladly would they now exchange that Clime, 565  
For sharpest Poverty, or hardest Pains!

But *Fate* forbids; the dismal Lake surrounds, And *Styx* with ninefold Windings hems them in.

Not far from hence, o'er all the spacious Plain

The mournful Fields extend, for so they're call'd: 570

Here those whom unsuccessful Love destroy'd

With ling'ring Pains, frequent the secret Walks,

And Myrtle Groves, and ev'n in Death mourn on.

Here *Phaedra*, *Procris*, and the mournful Shade

Of *Eriphyle*, wand'ring shews the Wounds 575

Her cruel Son had made: *Eriadne* here

The Heroe sees, *Pasiphae*, and with them

*Laodamia*; *Cænis* too, e'er while

A Youth, but now a Maid; again by *Fate*

Doom'd

580 Doom'd to resume her former Sex and Shape.

Amongst them, in a Wood of vast Extent

*Phœnician Dido* stray'd, her Wounds yet green;

Whom when the *Trojan* Prince approaching near

Perceiv'd, and knew her thro' the shady Gloom;

Like *Cynthia*'s glimm'ring Beams, whose Infant

585 Light

One sees, or thinks one sees, thro' cloudy Air;

He bursted into Tears, his antient Love

Reviv'd, and thus with tender Words he spake.

“ Unhappy *Dido*! then the dismal News

590 “ Was true, I find, that told me of your Death,

“ And of it's fatal Manner, by my Sword!

“ 'Twas I, alas! caus'd your untimely End!

“ But by th' eternal Lights of <sup>av'n</sup> I swear,

“ By all the Gods, and those avenging Pow'rs

595 “ That in this under World attest our Oaths,

“ With great Regret unwillingly I left

“ Your much-lov'd Shore; unwillingly obey'd

“ The strict Commands of *Jove*, which drove me

“ thence;

“ And now compel me thro' these nether Shades,

“ Thro'

“ Thro’ squalid Brakes, and Realms of darkest  
“ Night, 600  
“ To grope my tedious Way. Nor could I think,  
“ My Absence would affect your lovely Breast  
“ To this Degree: O stay! nor shun my Sight:  
“ Alas! whom shun you? Stay, and take the last,  
“ The last Farewel that *Fate* will let me give. 605  
With such Expressions strove th’ afflicted Prince  
T’ asswage her Anger, smooth her stormy Brow,  
And melt her into Tears: But she averse,  
Her low’ring Eyes kept fix’d upon the Ground;  
Nor seem’d more mov’d with all that he had said, 610  
Than Flints obdurate, or *Marpesian* Rocks:  
At length away she flings, and unappeas’d  
Back to the Thicket flies: *Sicæus* there,  
Her former Husband, strives to sooth her Cares,  
And burns with mutual Love. The *Trojan* Prince, 615  
Shock’d at her dismal Fate, pursues her far,  
With Tears, and Marks of Pity, as she goes;  
Then boldly on his destin’d Way proceeds.

ÆNEAS. Book VI.

And now the utmost Plains he treads, the Fields  
620 Where noble Warriours crowd the dusky Scene:  
Here *Tydeus* meets him, here renown'd in Arms  
*Parthenopæus*, and the meagre Shade  
Of pale *Adraſtus*; here the *Dardan* Chiefs,  
Their Country's lasting Grief, that fell in War:  
625 All these he sees, and as he sees them sighs:  
*Glaucus*, and *Medor*, and *Tberſilochus*,  
*Antenor*'s three stout Sons, and *Polybætes*  
The Priest of *Ceres*; and *Idæus* still  
Holding his Reins, and managing his Arms:  
630 On ev'ry Side the num'rous Phantoms press;  
Unſatisfy'd to gain a ſingle Sight,  
They fain would longer stay, approach more nigh  
And learn the Cause of his Arrival there.  
Not ſo the *Græcian* Princes, and the Bands  
635 Which *Agamemnon* led; agaſt they stood,  
When thro' ſurrounding Shades they dimly ſaw  
The well-known Heroe, and his glitt'ring Arms:

Some turn'd their Backs, as formerly they did  
To gain their Fleet ; some rais'd a feeble Cry,  
Which faintly dy'd upon their Lips, and mock'd 640  
Their gaping Efforts. Here the *Trojan Prince*  
*Deiphobus* the Son of *Priam* fees,  
All o'er his Body mangled, and his Face  
Gash'd horribly ; his Hands, his Ears, his Nose  
Cut off, and quite deform'd with gasti Wounds : 645  
Scarce could he know him, as he trembling stood,  
And striving to conceal his woful Plight,  
Yet with a Voice familiar to his Ears  
He kindly thus accosts him. " Warlike Prince,  
" *Deiphobus*, of *Teucer*'s noble Race, 650  
" From whence this Usage? Whose avenging Hand  
" Could bring you to this dreadful Pass? I heard,  
" That in *Troy*'s fatal Night, with Slaughter tir'd  
" Of *Græcian* Troops, on Heaps of conquer'd Foes  
" You bravely fell; then on *Rhætean* Shores, 655  
" I rais'd an empty Monument, and thrice  
" Invok'd your Ghost aloud; the Place retains

“ Your Name and Trophies yet. Alas! my Friend,

“ That I your dear Remains could never find,

660 “ Or in your Country’s Bosome lay your Bones!

*Deiphobus* replies; “ You’ve well perform’d

“ Your Part, my Friend, nor can my Ghost com-  
“ plain;

“ But me, my Fate, and *Helen*’s dreadful Crime,

“ Have into these Misfortunes deeply plung’d;

“ And fix’d these lasting Marks of treach’rous

665 “ Love.

“ For well you know, nor can you (sure) forget,

“ How *Troy*’s last Night we spent in flatt’ring Joys:

“ But when the fatal Engine scal’d our Walls,

“ Big with arm’d Troops that fill’d it’s swelling

“ Womb;

“ She led the Dance of *Pbrygian* Dames, which

670 “ roar’d

“ As if at *Bacchus*’ Feast; and in her Hand

“ A lighted Torch she bore of monstrous Size,

“ And call’d the *Græcians* from a lofty Tow’r:

“ Then in my luckless Bed, o’erspent with Cares,

675 “ And drown’d in Sleep I lay; profound Repose

“ Had sweetly seiz’d me, Counterfeit of Death:

“ Meant

“ Mean while my virtuous Spouse, from out my  
“ House  
“ Removes my Weapons, and my trusty Sword  
“ Takes from my Boulster; opens wide the Gates,  
“ And lets her former injur'd Husband in : 680  
“ This, she suppos'd, would be a weighty Proof  
“ Of her reviving Love; and by this Means  
“ She might attone, she thought, for former Crimes  
“ No longer to detain you, in they broke;  
“ Ulysses at their Head, who never fails 685  
“ T' encourage Mischief; May the Græcians meet  
“ Like Treatment, if I justly beg Revenge!  
“ But in Return, inform me, by what Chance  
“ You hither come alive: Have boist'rous Winds  
“ Driven you this Way? Or come you by Com-  
“ mand  
“ Of Heav'nly Pow'rs? Or by what Fortune urg'd 690  
“ To visit here these melancholy Realms,  
“ Where no Sun shines, and Quiet is unknown?  
“ While thus they parly'd, in her rosy Carr  
“ Aurora pass'd the middle Track of Heav'n: 695  
“ and they perhaps would all the Time have spent

In mutual Converse which the *Fates* allow'd;

But that the watchful *Sibyl* briefly thus

Admonish'd her Companion: " See, Great Prince

" The Night comes on, whilst we wast Time in

700 " Grief.

" This is the Place, in which the common Path

" Divides it self in two; that on the Right

" To mighty *Pluto*'s Court directly tends,

" And leads us to *Elyzium*: thro' the Left

705 " To hellish Torments wicked Spirits pass.

*Deiphobus* thus answers. " Cease to chide,

" Most pow'rful Priestess; I'll be gone, to fill

" The Number of the Dead, and plunge in Nigh

" Go on, thou Glory of our Race, go on;

710 " And happy *Fate* conduct thee as thou go'st.

He said no more, but with these Words retir'd.

The *Trojan* Heroe looks around, and fees,

Beneath a Rock upon his Left, a Tow'r

Of vast Extent, with triple Walls begirt,

715 Which *Pblegethon* with boist'rous Waves surround

Of liquid Fire, and rolls the sounding Stones.

Before him stood a Gate, with Pillars large  
Of solid Adamant; no mortal Strength,  
Nor ev'n the Gods, by Dint of hardest Steel  
Can force that Barrier: to a wond'rous Height 720  
An Iron Turret rises, on whose Top,  
Wrapp'd in a bloody Robe, *Tisiphone*  
Sits as a watchful Guardian Night and Day.  
From hence he hears loud Groans, a dreadful  
Sound  
Of Stripes, a Din of Ir'n and rattling Chains: 725  
Æneas stopp'd, and listen'd to the Noise  
With deep Amazement. "Tell me, sacred Maid,  
" What dreadful Crimes are punish'd here, and  
" how,  
" That thus the Air is fill'd with sad Complaints?  
To whom the *Sibyl*: " Famous Chief of *Troy*, 730  
" 'Tis destin'd, that no virtuous Person pass  
" This impious Threshold. But when *Hecate*  
" Committed to my Charge th' *Avernian* Grove,  
" She let me know what Pains th' avenging Gods  
" Inflict on Sin, and led me thro' them all. 735  
" These Realms are govern'd with relentless Sway

“ By Gnoſſian Radamanthus, who finds out

“ The cloſeſt Fraud, nor leaves it unrevenг’d.

“ Whoe’er have cloſely hid their Crimes on Earth,

740 “ Indulging fruitleſs Sin with empty Joy,

“ And ev’n in Death conceal’d them, here are

“ forc’d

“ To own the guilty Secrets: whilst at Hand

“ Vengeful Tisiphone insulting waits,

“ Arm’d with a dreadful Whip of Steel, to scourge

745 “ The ſentenc’d Wretches: In her Left she holds

“ Her frightful Snakes, aim’d at their quiv’ring

“ Breasts,

“ And calls her Sister *Furies* to her Aid.

Now on their grating Hinges open fly

“ The dreadful Gates, and make a horrid Noise.

750 “ Behold, the *Sibyl* cries, what Guards defend

“ The Entrance, and what Monsters keep the Paſſ!

“ Vast *Hydra* there, with fifty gaping Throats,

“ Has fix’d it’s Seat within; where deepest Hell

“ Downwards descends as far beneath the Shades,

755 “ As Heav’n ascends above. The *Titans* here,

“ Earth’s

“Earth’s antient Sons, within the deep Abyss  
“Lie Thunder-struck ; the two *Aloides* here  
“Of Bulk immense I saw ; who durst attempt  
“To storm the Throne of *Jove*, and drive him  
“thence :  
“Salmoneus there in racking Torments groans, 760  
“Who ap’d *Jove’s* Lightning, and the Cracks of  
“Heav’n :  
“He by four Horses drawn, thro’ Græcian Crowds,  
“Thro’ *Elis*, rode triumphant ; in his Hand  
“He grasp’d, and fiercely shook a flaming Torch,  
“And sacred Worship as a God requir’d : 765  
“Mad, to pretend to counterfeit rough Storms,  
“And ev’n th’ inevitable Bolt of *Jove*,  
“With sounding Brafs, and Noise of trampling  
“Steads !  
“But thro’ collected Clouds th’ Almighty Sire  
“True Thunder darted ; not a pitchy Torch, 770  
“Or smoaky waxen Flambeau ; down he fell,  
“Transfix’d, and swift as Whirlwinds headlong  
“thrown.  
“Here saw I monſtrous *Tityus*, Son of *Earth*,  
“The common Parent ; whose vast Body hides  
“Nine

775 " Nine entire Acres ; whilst a Vulture huge  
" Tears his immortal Liver with her Beak,  
" And feasts upon his Entrails, growing fresh  
" To feed his fierce Tormentor ; fond of Prey,  
" She rummages his panting Breast, and dwells  
780 " Within his spacious Chest ; no Rest affords,  
" But snaps his Fibres, still renew'd for Pain,  
" Why should I name the *Lapithæan* Race,  
" *Ixion* and *Perithoüs* ? o'er whom  
" A rugged sable Rock, about to fall,  
785 " And seeming just to do so, threat'ning hangs ?  
" Here costly Beds on Gold Supporters shine ;  
" The Table's spread, and Banquets stand prepar'd  
" With Royal Luxury ; but near at Hand  
" The dreadfull'st of the Furies keeps her Post,  
790 " Nor suffers them to taste the tempting Feast :  
" But rising up, and brandishing her Torch,  
" With hideous Yellings frights them from the  
" Board.  
" Here those, who whilst alive with envious Hate  
" Pursu'd their Brothers, or expel'd their Sire ;  
" Those

“ Those who by Cheats abus’d their Client’s  
“ Trust ; 795  
“ Or hoarded up vast Treasures for themselves,  
“ Unmindful of their Friends, a num’rous Crowd ;  
“ Adult’rers in the flagrant Act destroy’d ;  
“ And Warriours who engage in impious Brawls ;  
“ And those who broke the plighted Faith they  
“ gave 800  
“ Their lawful Masters, strictly here confin’d,  
“ Expect their dreadful Doom. Enquire not you  
“ What Torments wait them, what their sev’ral  
“ Fates :  
“ Some roll a pond’rous Stone ; some ty’d to  
“ Wheels  
“ Hang round the Spokes : Unhappy *Theseus* sits, 805  
“ And must for ever sit. Thro’ all the Shades  
“ The wretched *Pblegias* with resounding Cries  
“ This Lecture reads ; By my Example learn  
“ To practice Justice, and not slight the Gods.  
“ Here’s one who sold his Country, and brought  
“ in 810  
“ A pow’rful Tyrant, made and cancel’d Laws ;  
“ Another with incestuous Marriage stain’d  
“ His Daughter’s Bed : All monstrously contriv’d  
“ Some

“ Some heinous Crime, and gain’d their wicked  
“ Ends.

815 “ Had I a hundred Tongues, a hundred Mouths,  
“ To these a Voice of Brafs ; I could not count  
“ The various Sorts of execrable Guilt,  
“ Which here are punish’d, nor their various Pains.  
Thus spake the *Sibyl* ; and advis’d the Prince

820 Forwards to press, and perfect his Design :

“ Hast, hast, she cries ; I see the massy Walls,  
“ In *Ætna*’s Caverns by the *Cyclops* forg’d,  
“ And Gates that front us in the hollow Arch ;  
“ Where we must offer up our precious Gift,

825 “ For so our Order runs. She spake, and they  
Together thro’ the gloomy Passage march’d,  
Pass’d all the middle Space, and reach’d the Porch :  
Æneas then advancing to the Gate,  
With running Water duly sprinkled o’er,

830 Pull’d out the Golden Bough, and fix’d it there.  
This done, and having thus the Present made  
Which *Proserpine* requir’d ; they strait arrive  
At sweet delightful Plains, and verdant Meads,

And

# Book VI. AENEIS. 44

And happy Groves, the Seas of Rest and Joy. 10  
A freer Air breaths here; the Fields are cloath'd 835  
With purple Light; a brighter Sun they view,  
And Stars that with peculiar Lustre shine. 11  
Some wrestle in the grassy Lists, and seem  
To strive for Conquest on the Golden Sand: 12  
Some nicely move their nimble Feet, and dance 840  
To Songs they sing; the *Thracian* Poet there,  
Clad in a flowing Robe of State, runs o'er 13  
His various Notes, and strikes the sev'n-string'd  
Lute,  
With skilful Fingers, or an Iv'ry Pin. 14  
Here *Teucer*'s antient Race, a glorious Brood, 845  
Illustrious Heroes, born in better Times;  
Here *Ilus* and *Affaracus* reside,  
And *Dardanus* *Troy*'s Founder; from afar  
He gaz'd with Wonder on their polish'd Arms,  
Their empty Chariots, and their pointed Spears 850  
Fix'd in the Ground; around the verdant Fields  
Their Steeds unbridled fed: whate'er Delight  
They took in Chariots, or in Arms; or Breed  
Of

Of gen'rous Steeds, alive, they still retain.

855 Others he sees on either Hand, employ'd  
In feasting, and in chanting Songs of Joy,  
In Groves of Laurel that perfume the Air;  
From whence *Eridanus* in plenteous Streams  
Glides thro' the Wood, to visit upper Worlds.

860 Here they, who for their Country fought or dy'd;  
Priests, undefil'd thro' all their Course of Life;  
Sage Poets, by the *Delian* God inspir'd;  
Inventors of wise Arts for publick Use,  
Who by just Merit purchas'd lasting Fame;

865 All wear a Milk-white Fillet round their Brows.  
To these that throng'd about her, briefly thus  
The *Sibyl* spake; but to *Museus* first,  
Who by the Head o'ertopp'd the circling Crowd:

“ Tell me, I beg you, happy Shades, and Thou  
870 “ The best of Poets, tell me; in what Place  
“ May we *Archises* find? for whose dear Sake  
“ We hither came, and cross'd Infernal Streams.  
To her the Heroe in few Words replies.

“ None

“ None keep one certain Dwelling ; but we live  
“ In shady Groves, on Banks of purling Streams, 875  
“ Or in green Meadows where they gently glide :  
“ But if you’d gain your Ends, climb this Ascent,  
“ And in an easy Path I’ll guide your Steps.  
He said, and walk’d before ; and from on high  
A lovely Prospect shews of beauteous Fields, 880  
To which they jointly from the Top descend.

But sage Anchises in a flow’ry Vale,  
Survey’d unbody’d Souls, ordain’d to breath  
The upper Air again ; with studious Care  
He views them, and observes the num’rous Race 885  
Of his Descendants, and their Grandsons dear ;  
Their Fate and Chance, their Manners and their  
Deeds.  
While thus employ’d, athwart the verdant Meads  
He spies Æneas coming, and lifts up  
His Hands tow’rds Heav’n with Joy ; a Flood of  
Tears. 890  
Rolls down his rev’rend Cheeks, and thus he speaks.  
“ Are you then come ? And has your filial Love,  
“ As

“ As still I hop’d, o’ercome the tedious Way ?

“ Am I allow’d, my Son, to see your Face ?

“ To hear your well-known Voice, and make Re-  
plies ?

“ ’Tis true, I wish’d, and thought it would be thus,

“ And counted ev’ry Hour ; nor has my Hope

“ Been disappointed. But alas ! my Son,

“ What Countries (since I saw you) have you

“ pass’d !

“ What Seas been toss’d in ! and what Hazards run !

“ O ! how I dreaded lest the *Libyan* Crown

“ Should stop your grand Design ! To whom the  
Prince ;

“ Your mournful Image, Father, oft appear’d,

“ And hither urg’d me to direct my Course :

“ My Fleet now anchors in the *Tyrrhen* Sea.

“ But let me, let me, Father, press your Hand ;

“ Nor shun my fond Embrace. He spake, and  
wept ;

And thrice he try’d to throw his longing Arms  
Round his lov’d Neck ; the awful Shadow, thrice

Embrac’d in vain, slipp’d from his empty Grasp,  
Like thinnest Air, or fleeting Dreams of Night.

Mean while *Aeneas* in a secret Vale  
Descries a lonely Grove with whistling Shrubs,  
Where *Lethe*'s silent Stream glides gently by :  
Round which a Crowd of all Degrees and Kinds 915  
Flock without Number : So in verdant Meads,  
When Summer-Calms invite, the swarming Bees  
Sit on the various Flow'rs, but chiefly haunt  
The Milk-white Lillies ; whilst a humming Noise  
O'er all the Fields resounds. This sudden Sight 920  
Amaz'd the Prince ; who doubting what it meant,  
Enquires the Cause ; what River that, and who  
The num'rous Multitudes that crowd it's Banks ?  
To whom the sage *Anchoris*. “ These are Souls  
“ To other Bodies doom'd ; who swallow down 925  
“ In quiet *Lethe*'s Stream profound Repose  
“ And deep Forgetfulness : Of these I long  
“ To tell you, and produce before your Eyes,  
“ And count the Number of our spreading Race ;  
“ That so th' *Italian* Crown, whene'er possess'd, 930

“ May bring you more Delight. The Prince replies ;

“ Can we suppose that any, sacred Sire,

“ Sublime enfranchis'd Souls, should go from  
“ hence,

“ And bear the heavy Clog of Flesh again ?

935 “ Can any be so madly fond of Life ?

“ I'll tell you, Son, nor keep you in Suspence,

Anchises says, and thus the whole explains.

“ First know, this Heav'n, this Earth, these  
“ watry Plains,

“ The Moon's resplendent Globe, the Sun and Stars,

940 “ One inward Spirit feeds ; the World's great Soul,

“ Thro' all the Mass diffus'd ; it moves the Wheels,

“ And fills each Corner of the vast Machine :

“ From hence the Race of Men, and Beasts, and

“ Birds,

“ And fishy Brood that fills the watry Plains,

945 “ Receive their Being : the Celestial Seeds

“ Supply them all with inward Force and Fire ;

“ As far as heavy Matter lets them act,

“ And earthly Limbs, and Members form'd to die.

“ From

# Book VI. ÆNEIS. 50

“ From hence their Fears and Hopes, their Grief  
“ and Joy,  
“ Confus’dly rise ; while they their Heav’nly  
“ Birth, 934  
“ Confin’d in gloomy Prisons, quite forget;  
“ Nay, ev’n releas’d by Death, they still retain  
“ Some Relicks of their former Ills ; nor lose  
“ The Crimes and Plagues contracted from the  
“ Flesh :  
“ For still of Course a Tincture must remain 955  
“ Of Habits, by repeated Acts confirm’d.  
“ They therefore here, to Punishments expos’d,  
“ Expiate their former Guilt : Some hang aloft,  
“ The Sport of fanning Winds ; some plung’d in  
“ Streams  
“ Wash out their Guilt, and some are purg’d by  
“ Fire : 960  
“ Each of his own Offences bears the Load.  
“ This Tryal over, some (tho’ few) possess  
“ Elyzian Mansions, and the Fields of Joy ;  
“ Whilst in due Time the num’rous Hours wear  
“ off  
“ The long contracted Filth ; and leave the pure 965  
“ Æthereal Mind, a bright unsully’d Spark.  
“ All these (a thousand circling Years past o’er)  
M 2 “ Th’

“ Th’ Almighty Pow’r calls out in various Troops,  
“ On *Lethe*’s Bank ; that so they may forget  
970 “ Their antient State, when they again repair  
“ To upper Worlds ; and in new Bodies dwell.  
Thus ends the awful Sire ; and leads his Son,  
Attended by the *Sibyl*, thro’ the Midst  
Of those Assemblies, and the buzzing Crowd.  
Then climbs a rising Ground, from whence with  
975 Ease  
They might the long approaching Train survey,  
And view each Face distinctly as they came.  
Then says, “ Observe, my Son, what Glory waits  
“ The *Trojan* Race ; what Grandsons shall succeed,  
980 “ Sprung from th’ *Italian* Strain ; illustrious Souls,  
“ To bear and keep alive our lasting Name.  
“ See you not there a lovely Youth, that leans  
“ Upon his shining Spear ; and keeps his Post  
“ Just on the Verge of Life ? He first shall breath  
985 “ Æthereal Air, when *Italy* and *Troy*  
“ Have mingled Bloods : He *Sylvius* shall be call’d,  
“ An *Alban* Name ; the youngest of your Sons,  
“ Whom

“ Whom chaste *Lavinia* shall in Woods bring forth,  
“ Your Age’s Prop; and Sire of future Kings,  
“ Who sprung from Us shall o’er long *Alba* reign. 990  
“ Next him, *Troy*’s lasting Honour, *Procas* stands;  
“ Then *Capys*, *Numitor*, your Name-fake next  
“ *Sylvius Æneas*, crown’d with double Fame,  
“ For Piety and Arms, as soon as *Fate*  
“ Permits him to possess the *Alban* Throne. 995  
“ Observe, what Strength these gen’rous Youths  
“ disclose!  
“ But those whose Brows with civick Crowns are  
“ bound  
“ Of shady Oak, on lofty Hills shall rear  
“ *Nomentum*, *Gabii*, and *Fidena*’s Walls,  
“ *Collatia*’s Tow’rs, *Pomætium*, *Inuüs*, 1000  
“ *Bola* and *Cora*: these shall be their Names,  
“ Tho’ all those spacious Lands are nameless yet.  
“ Then *Romulus*, the Son of *Mars*, shall take  
“ His injur’d Grandfire’s Part; bright *Ilia*’s Son,  
“ Who from *Assaracus* derives her Line. 1005  
“ See! how a double Plume adorns his Head!  
“ And *Fove* with him Celestial Honour shares!

“ Mark well, my Son ; beneath his awful Sway,  
“ *Rome*, the World’s Glory, shall extend her Rule  
1010 “ O'er all the Earth, and lift her Fame to Heav’n ;  
“ Enclosing with one Wall sev’n neighb’ring Hills.  
“ Thrice happy in her Sons ! Just such appears  
“ The *Berecynthian* Mother, crown’d with Tow’rs,  
“ And in her Chariot drawn thro’ *Pbrygian* Crowds ;  
1115 “ Proud of her sacred Offspring, which contains  
“ A hundred Grandsons, Denizens of Heav’n,  
“ And of the highest Stations there possess’d.  
“ But now with double Heed intently view  
“ This Race of Godlike Men, *Rome*’s Sons and  
“ yours :  
1210 “ Here *Cæsar* see, and all the *Julian* Line,  
“ Who must in Time the upper World adorn :  
“ This, this is He, of whom so oft you’ve heard,  
“ *Augustus Cæsar*, Fate’s appointed Gift,  
“ From Gods descended : He the Golden Age  
1315 “ To *Latium* shall restore, the happy Scene  
“ Of *Saturn*’s Reign : The *Garamants* and *Inds*  
“ Shall bend to his Commands, altho’ they lie  
1410 “ Beyond

“ Beyond the Stars or *Titan*’s yearly Course;  
“ Where Heav’n’s Supporter *Atlas* bears the Globe  
“ On His strong Shoulders, stuck with flaming  
“ Lights. <sup>103\*</sup>  
“ His Coming *Caspian* Realms already dread,  
“ By Oracles alarm’d; *Mæotick* Lands,  
“ And all the sev’n-fold Heads of frightened *Nile*:  
“ Such Tracts of Ground *Alcides* ne’er pass’d o’er;  
“ Tho’ he the brazen-footed Stag destroy’d, <sup>105</sup>  
“ Gave sweet Repose to *Erymanthian* Woods,  
“ And slew *Lernæan* *Hydra* with his Darts,  
“ Nor conqu’ring *Bacchus*, who his Chariot guides  
“ With Reins begirt with Ivy; driving down  
“ His Tygers fierce, from *Nisa*’s lofty Top. <sup>106\*</sup>  
“ And shall we then demur, by noble Acts  
“ To make our Fame immortal? or shall Fear  
“ Prevent our fixing in *Ausonian* Climcs?  
“ But who’s that yonder, on his Head that wears  
“ An Olive Wreath, and sacred Utensils. <sup>107\*</sup>  
“ Bears in his Hands? I know the hoary Hairs

“ And Silver Beard of *Rome*’s religious King :  
“ He first with Laws shall fix the rising State ;  
“ Callid from a *Sabine* Vill, and barren Soil,  
1050 “ To rule a potent Empire. *Tullus* next  
“ Shall fill the Throne, destroy his Country’s  
“ Peace,  
“ And rouze to War his restive Troops and Bands,  
“ Disus’d to Fight and Conquest. After him  
“ Anchus advances with a forward Air,  
“ And seems ev’n now to court the Crowd’s Ap-  
1055 “ plause.  
“ Would you the *Tarquins*, and the haughty Soul  
“ Of *Brutus*, and his *Fasces* see ? the Badge  
“ Of Consular Command, first born by him ?  
“ He first the rigid Axes shall accept,  
“ And doom (unhappy Sire !) his hopeful Sons,  
1100 “ About to raise new Wars, to shameful Death,  
“ For Liberty’s dear Sake : Howe’er this Act  
“ Hereafter may be scann’d, we must admire  
“ His Country’s Love, and Thirst of endless Fame.  
1150 “ The distant *Decii* too, and *Drusii* view ;  
“ And stern *Torquatus* with his bloody Axe ;  
“ And

“ And bold *Camillus*, bringing Ensigns Home  
“ From vanquish’d Foes. But see that noble Pair,  
“ That equally in burnish’d Armour shine,  
“ Now friendly Souls, while veil’d with silent  
“ Night:  
“ Alas! what Wars, when upper Light they view,  
“ What Battels, and what Slaughters shall they  
“ raise!  
“ From *Alpine* Hills, and *Monaco*’s high Tow’rs,  
“ The Father rushes down ; the Son-in-Law  
“ Advances on, with Eastern Troops supply’d:  
“ Alas! my Sons, restrain your boiling Rage,  
“ Nor raise such impious Wars! O! cease to turn  
“ Against herself your Country’s pow’rful Arms!  
“ And thou, my Offspring, first do thou desist,  
“ Of Race Divine, and lay thy Weapons down!  
“ See! to the lofty Capitol one drives  
“ For conquer’d *Corinth* his triumphal Carr,  
“ For slaughter’d *Gracians* famous! *Argos* He,  
“ And *Agamemnon*’s Kingdom shall destroy,  
“ The proud *Mycene*! and with them the Race  
“ Of *Aeacus*, and *Peleus*’ warlike Son;  
“ Revenging

“ Revenging so their Ancestors of *Troy*,  
“ And chaste *Minerva*’s twice polluted Fane.  
“ Who can be silent, when he thinks on thee,  
1090 “ Great *Cato*, or thee, *Cossus*? Who forget  
“ The *Gracchan* Family? Or *Scipio*’s both,  
“ Two Thunderbolts of War, and *Libya*’s Bane?  
1112 “ Who can pass by *Fabritius*, well content  
“ With little? Who *Serranus* at his Plow?  
1133 “ How do the *Fabii* urge my weary’d Praise!  
“ And thou the Greatest! who alone retriev’d it  
“ Our sinking Fortune by thy wise Delays!  
“ Let other Nations (as I grant they may)  
“ Cast brazen Statues nearer to the Life,  
1160 “ Or grave a Marble Face with greater Skill;  
“ Let some excell in Pleading; some describe  
“ The Course of Heav’n, and mark the rising Stars:  
1182 “ But thou, O *Roman*, shew thy Art in this;  
“ To govern Nations, dictate War or Peace;  
1203 “ To spare the Suppliant, and depress the Proud.

Thus

Thus spake the rev'rend Sage; and thus went  
on  
To inform his wond'ring Hearers: "Yonder see  
" *Marcellus* how he moves! quite cover'd o'er  
" With hostile Spoils! and with a Conqu'rour's  
" Air  
" Eclipses all the rest! He with his Troops,  
" When great Disorders shock the *Roman State*,  
" Shall quell the *Libyans* and the *Rebel Gauls*,  
" And dedicate the third illustrious Spoils  
" To Father *Mars*. At this the *Trojan Prince*,  
(For he a Youth observ'd of beauteous Form,  
In shining Armour, but with pensive Look,  
And downcast Eyes, along with him to walk;) 1120  
" Who's this, my Father, who, Companion-like,  
" Moves with that *Roman Worthy*? Is't his Son,  
" Or some remote Relation? Say, what means  
" That mournful Noise! How like the other,  
" He!  
" But fable Shades of Night surround his Head.  
To whom *Archises* thus with Tears replies.  
" Seek

“ Seek not, my Son, to know the boundless Grief

“ Of your Descendants; *Fate* will only shew

“ This Blessing to the World, and snatch it thence

“ The Gods would think the *Roman* Name too  
“ great,

“ Had this been made a firm and lasting Gift,

“ What heavy and what num’rous Groans shall  
“ fill

“ The *Martian* Field! What mournful fun’ral  
“ Pomp

“ Shall *Tyber* view, as by the new-rais’d Tomb

“ It slowly glides! No Youth of *Ilian* Race

“ To such a Pitch shall raise the pregnant Hopes

“ Of *Latian* Grandsires; nor the *Roman* State

“ Hereafter boast a darling Son like him!

“ Alas! his pious Mind! his antient Faith!

“ And that right Hand invincible in War!

“ None safely meets him in the dusty Field;

“ Whether on Foot he march to meet his Foe,

“ Or forward urge with Spurs his foaming Steed.

“ Ah! much lamented Youth! if thou canst break

“ The harsh Decrees of *Fate*, thou, thou wilt

“ be

“ A

"A new *Marcellus!* Hast, and bring me Store  
"Of Lillies, and of purple Flow'rs to strew ;  
"That thus at least I may my Grandson's Soul <sup>1145</sup>  
"With Presents grace, and fruitless Honours pay.

O'er all the under Regions thus they rove,  
In spacious Fields of Air, and all survey :  
Thro' which *Anchises* having led his Son,  
And fir'd his Mind with Love of future Fame ; <sup>1150</sup>  
He tells him then what Battels he must fight ;  
Acquaints him with *Laurentian* Realms, and Seat  
Of King *Latinus*, and instructs him how  
To shun or bear the sev'ral Ills he meets.

Two Gates there are of Sleep ; the one com-  
pos'd <sup>1150</sup> Of shining Horn, ('tis said) through which the <sup>1155</sup>  
Dreams  
Their Passage take, that true Presages bring :  
The other of solid Iv'ry, bright to view,  
But false illusive Phantoms thence ascend :  
Hither he leads the *Sibyl* and his Son, <sup>1160</sup>

ITON

And

And thro' the Iv'ry Gate dismisses both.

The Prince makes Hast to reach his Fleet and  
Friends;

Then to Cajeta's Port directly sails,

Cast Anchor there, and fills the Shore with Ships.

*The End of the SIXTH BOOK.*



NOTE



# NOTES UPON THE SIXTH BOOK.

Ver. 3.



**T**Cumæ.] A Town in *Italy*, famous for the Residence of the *Cumæan Sibyl*, *Deiphobe*, Priestess of *Apollo*; by whom she was endu'd with the Spirit of Prophecy; and was to be the Conductor of *Æneas* to the *Elysian* Shades, where he was to visit his Father *Anchises*.

Ver. 17. *Dædalus*.] He was a most excellent Artificer, and highly valu'd by *Minos*, King of *Crete*; for whom he built the famous *Labyrinth*, through which he conducted *Teseus* by a Skein of Thread, which he unwound as he went in, and gather'd up as he came out; and so was guided through those intricate Mazes; and having kill'd the *Minotaur*, a Monster half-Bull and half-Man, escap'd, and carry'd off *Ariadne*, the King's Daughter.

Ver.

Ver. 25. *Stout Androgeos.*] He was Son of *Minos* and *Pasiphae*; who having frequently gain'd the Prize in the *Olympick Games*, was murder'd out of Envy by the *Amazons*; who being invaded and overcome by *Minos*, were forc'd to pay a yearly Tribute of seven young Gentlemen and as many young Ladies, to be devourd by the *Minotaur*. *Virgil* mentions only the Gentlemen.

Ver. 31. *Pasiphae's raging Passion.*] She is said to have been in Love with a Bull; and by the Assistance of *Dædalus* to have enjoy'd him, being enclos'd in a wooden Cow.

Ver. 37. *The Royal Maid.*] *Ariadne*. Of whom above, Notes on Ver. 17.

Ver. 40. *Icarus.*] He was Son of *Dædalus*; who being imprison'd with his Father, for his having assist'd *Pasiphae*, fled from Prison with him; having artificial Wings made for him by his Father, fasten'd with Wax, but he soaring too high, had the Wax melted by the Sun-Beams, and so fell and was drown'd in the *Icarian Sea*, so call'd from him.

Ver. 80. *Fatal Heel.*] *Thetis*, to render her Son *Achilles* invulnerable, dipp'd him in the River *Styx*; but holding him by the Heel whilst she did it, that Part was liable to be wounded; and he was kill'd by *Paris*, who shot him in the Heel, by the Assistance of *Phebus*, the God of Archers.

Ver. 124. *A new Achilles.*] As *Achilles* was the great Enemy of the *Trojans*, so *Turnus* was to be the redoubted Foe of *Æneas*; who oppos'd his Settlement in *Italy*, and his Marriage with *Lavinia*, the Daughter of King *Latinus*. His Mother was the Nymph *Venilia*; and so he is said soon after, to be born of a Goddess as well as *Æneas*.

Ver. 162. *If Orpheus could recall his Wife from Hell.*] He was a most famous *Thracian Musician*; whose young Wife

*Eurydice*

*Eurydice* being stung to Death by a Serpent, he went after her to Hell; and by the Power of his Harmony, prevail'd upon *Proserpine* to release her; but upon Condition, that he should not look back upon her, 'till he had pass'd the Infernal Regions; his Fondness made him break this Condition, and so he was depriv'd of her again.

Ver. 164. *If Pollux could his Brother half redeem.*] *Pollux* and *Castor* were the two Sons of *Leda* by different Fathers; the first immortal, being the Son of *Jupiter*; the other subject to Mortality, being the Son of her Husband *Tyndareus*; but such was the Love of *Pollux* to his Brother, that he was content to share his Immortality with him; and so they took it by Turns, to visit Heaven and Hell alternately.

Ver. 233. *Triton.*] *Neptune's* Trumpeter, whose Instrument was a Sea-Shell.

Ver. 281. *Which slowly follow'd his impatient Hand.*] The Sibyl said not long before, that it would comply with the easiest Touch; but that it self seem'd slow to his Impatience.

Ver. 322. *Avernum.*] Gr. "Αογυς: without Birds.

Ver. 453. *'Twas I my self.*] We cannot otherwife reconcile this, with the former Account at the latter End of the Fifth Book, of his being precipitated by the God of Sleep in the Shape of *Phorbas*, than by supposing, that since he was asleep when the Accident befel him, he might impute the Fall only to his own Drowsiness, insensible of any Attack made upon him.

Ver. 484. *Unbury'd.*] It was not allow'd to any to pass the Stygian Ferry, 'till Funeral Rites had been paid to them, or they had wander'd on the Shore 100 Years.

Ver. 538. *Vast Cerberus.*] The triple-headed Dog, which was Porter of Hell-Gate.

N

Ver.

Ver. 558. *Minos here.*] He was so famous for his Inflexible Justice while he liv'd, that he was made the chief Judge of Hell after his Decease.

Ver. 588. *Cœnis too.*] How she came to change her Sex, may be seen in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book Twelve. The rest are all unhappy Lovers, whose several Histories are too tedious to insert.

Ver. 621. *Here Tydeus.*] He and these that follow, were Commanders in the *Theban War*.

Ver. 623. *Dardan Chiefs.*] All these were eminent *Trojan* Captains, who rejoyc'd to see their Country-man a'mongst them; as the Bands of *Agamemnon* afterwards, Ver. 635. are startled at the Sight of their redoubted Enemy.

Ver. 642. *Deiphobus.*] He marry'd *Helen* after the Death of *Paris*; and he gives us an Account here of her Usage of him.

Ver. 680. *Injur'd Husband.*] *Menelaus*; from whom she fled away with *Paris*.

Ver. 722. *Tisiphone.*] The eldest and most dreadful of the Furies.

Ver. 737. *Rhadamanthus.*] One of the Judges of Hell.

Ver. 841. *The Thracian Poet.*] *Orpheus*. Of whom, Ver. 162.

Ver. 845. *Here Teucer's antient Race.*] The antient Heroes of the *Trojan Line* are here reckon'd up. *Iulus*, *Ajax*, &c.

Ver. 867. *To Musæus first.*] Here the Poet pays a high Complement to this famous *Gracian Poet*; by making the *Sibyl* distinguish him by a particular Address, and style him afterwards the best of Poets. Ver. 870.

Ver. 883. *Unbody'd Souls.*] The Poet here goes upon the *Pythagorean Principles*; by which Souls were said to pass through several Bodies, and inform them successively; which was call'd the *Transmigration of Souls*.

Ver.

## NOTES upon the Sixth Book.

Ver. 961. *Each of his own Offences bears the Load.*] I must confess I was more puzzled at this Passage, than any I met with; but hope this answers the Intention of *Quisq; suos patimur Manes.*

Ver. 986. *Sylvius.*] Successor to *Ascanius*, the Son of *Aeneas*, King of *Long Alba*, whose Descendants are mention'd afterwards.

Ver. 1013. *The Berecynthian Mother.*] *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods; to whose Offspring the Poet elegantly compares that of *Aeneas*.

Ver. 1047. *Rome's religious King.*] *Numa*, the Successor of *Romulus*, who settled Religion and Polity in *Rome*. A short Account follows of the succeeding Kings.

Ver. 1057. *Brutus.*] He expell'd the *Tarquins*, for the Rape of *Lucretia*, a noble *Roman* Lady, and was chosen one of the first Consuls: He put his own two Sons to Death, for entering into a Conspiracy for restoring the banish'd *Tarquins*.

Ver. 1066. *Stern Torquatus.*] He was a *Roman* General; who leaving the Camp for some Time, gave Orders to his Son, who commanded under him, not to fight the Enemy in his Absence; but he finding an Advantage, attack'd and beat them, gaining an entire Victory. His Father, at his Return, made him triumph for his Victory, and then beheaded him for disobeying his Command.

Ver. 1068. *That noble Pair,*] *Julius Cæsar*, and *Pompey the Great*.

Ver. 1088. *Minerva's twice polluted Fane.*] First by *Dio-medæ* and *Ulysses*, when they stole the *Palladium*, or sacred Image of the Goddess; and afterwards by *Ajax Oileus*, who ravish'd *Cassandra* in her Temple.

Ver. 1089. *Great Cato.*] It would be too tedious to give an Account here, of all those *Roman* Worthies which